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ANCIENT EGYPTIAN

MYTHICAL ROMANCES

BY J. G. WILKINSON

OF EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY

VOL. II.

THE GODS AND GODDESSES

OF THE EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY

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ANCIENT ENGLEISH
METRICAL ROMANCEËS,

SELECTED AND PUBLISH'D

BY JOSEPH RITSON.

VOL. II.

Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc situs informis premit ac deserta vetustas.

HORATIUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND COMPANY,
IN CLEVELAND-ROW,
FOR G. AND W. NICOL, BOOKSELEERS TO HIS
MAJESTY, IN PEL-MEL.

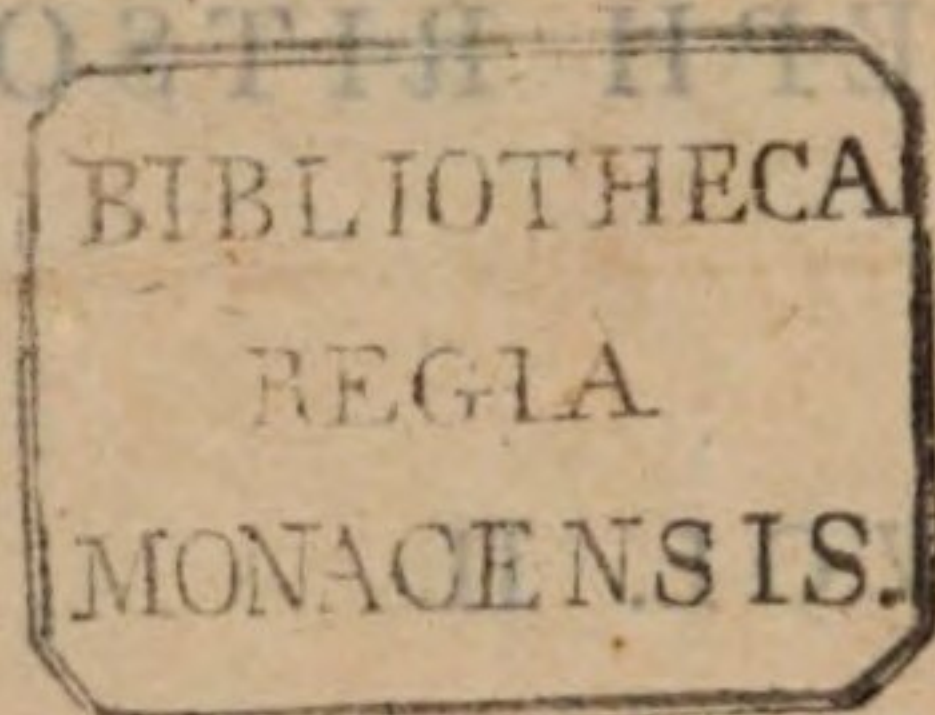
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METRICAL ROMANCEËS.

LYBÉAUS DISCONUS.

JHESU Cryft, our favyour,
And hys modyr, that fwete flowr,
Helpe hem at her nede
That harkeneth of a conquerour,
Wys of wytte and whyght werroure,
And doughty man in dede.
Hys name was called Geynleyn,
Beyete he was of fyr Gaweyn,
Be a forest fyde ;
Of ftouter knyght, and profytable, 10
Wyth Artour of the rounde table,
Ne herde ye never rede.

Thys Gynleyn was fayr of fyght,
Gentyll of body, of face bryght,
All bastard yef he were ;
Hys modyr kepte hym yn clos,
For douute of wykkede loos,
As doughty chyld and dere.

And for love of hys fayr vyys,
Hys modyr clepede hym *Bewfys*, 20
And no nothyr name ;
And hymself was full nys,
He ne axede naght, y wys,
What he hyght, at hys dame.
As hyt befelle upon a day,
To wode he wente, on hys play,
Of dere to have hys game ;
He fond a knyght whar he lay,
In armes that wer stout and gay,
Ifclayne, and made full tame. 30

That chyld dede of the knyghtes wede,
And anon he gan hym schrede,
In that ryche armur ;
Whan he hadde do that dede,
To Glastyngbery he yede,
Ther ley the kyng Artour.

He knelede yn the halle,
 Before the knyghtes alle,
 And grette hem with honour;
 And seyde, Kyng Artour, my lord, 40
 Graunte me to speke a word,
 I pray the pur amour.

Than seyde Artour the kyng,
 Anoon without any dwellyng,
 Tell me thyn name aplyght,
 For fethen y was ybore,
 Ne fond y me before
 Non so fayr of fyght.

That chylde seyde, Be feynt Jame,
 I not what ys my name, 50
 I am the more nys;
 But, whyle y was at hame,
 My modyr, yn her game,
 Clepede me *Beau fyz*.

Thanne seyde Artour the kyng,
 Thys ys a wonder thyng,
 Be god and feynt Denys,
 Whanne he that wolde be a knyght,
 Ne wat noght what he hyght,
 And ys so fayr of vys. 60

Now wyll y yeve hym a name,
Before yow alle yn same,

For he ys so fayr and fre;
Be god, and be seynt Jame,
So clepede hym never hys dame,
What woman that so hyt be.

Now clepeth hym alle yn us
Lybeau desconus,

For the love of me;
Than may ye wete a rowe 70
The fayre unknowe,
Sertes so hatte he.

Kyng Artour anon ryght
Made hym tho a knyght,

In the felve day;
And yaf hym armes bryght,
Hym gertte wyth fwerde of myght,
For sothe as y yow fay.

And henge on hym a scheld,
Ryche and over geld, 80

Wyth a gryffoun of fay;
And hym betok hys fadyr Gaweyn,
For to teche hym on the playn,
Of ech knyghtes play.

Whan he was knyght imade,
 Anon a bone there he bad,
 And feyde, My lord so fre,
 In herte y were ryght glad,
 That ferste fyghte yf y had,
 That ony man asketh the. 90
 Thanne feyde Artour the kyng,
 I grante the thyn askyng,
 What batayle that so hyt be ;
 But me thyngeth thou art to ying,
 For to done a good fyghtynge,
 Be awght that y can fe.

Wythoute more refoun,
 Duk, erl, and baroun,
 Whesch and yede to mete ;
 Of all manere fufoun, 100
 As lordes of renoun,
 Ynowgh they hadde ete.
 Ne hadde Artour bote a whyle,
 The mountance of a myle,
 At hys table yfete,
 Ther com a mayde ryde,
 And a dwerk be here fyde,
 All beswette for hete.

That mayde was clepede Elene, 110

Gentyll, bryght, and fchene,

A lady mesfenger ;

Ther nas conteffe, ne quene,

So femelych on to fene,

That myghte be her pere.

Sche was clodeth in Tars,

Rowme and nodyng skars,

Pelvred wyth blauner ;

Her fadell and her brydell, yn fere,

Full of dyamandys were,

Melk was her destrere. 120

The dwerk was clodeth yn Ynde,

Before and ek behynde,

Stout he was and pert ;

Among alle Cryftene kende,

Swych on ne fchold no man fynde,

Hys furcote was overt.

Hys berd was yelow as ony wax,

To hys gerdell henge the plex,

I dar well fay yn certe ;

Hys fchon wer with gold ydyght, 130

And kopeth as a knyght,

That femede no povert.

Teandelayn was hys name,
 Well fwyde fprong hys fame,
 Be north and be fouth;
 Myche he couthe of game,
 With fytale, fautrye yn fame,
 Harpe, fydele and crouthe.
 He was a noble dyfour,
 Wyth ladyes of valour, 140
 A mery man of mouthe;
 He fpak to that mayde hende,
 To telle thyn erynde,
 Tyme hyt were nouthe.

That mayde knelede yn halle,
 Before the knyghtes alle,
 And greet hem wyth honour,
 And feyde, A cas ther ys yfalle,
 Worfe wythyn walle
 Was never non of dolour. 150
 My lady of Synadowne
 Is broght yn ftrong pryfon,
 That ys greet of valour,
 Sche prayd the fende her a knyght,
 With herte good and lyght,
 To wynne her with honour.

Up start the yonge knyght,
Hys herte was good and lyght,
And feyde, Artour, my lord,
I schall tho that fyght, 160
And wyne that lady bryght,
Yef thou art trewe of word.
Than feyde Artour, That ys soth,
Certayn withoute noth,
Thereto y bere record;
God grante the grace and myght,
To holde up that lady ryghte,
Wyth dente of thy sword.

Than gan Elene to chyde
And feyde, Alas that tyde 170
That i was hyder yfent,
Thys word schall spryng wyde,
Lord kyng now ys thy threde
And thy manhod yfchent.
Whan thou schalt sende a chylde,
That ys wytles and wylde,
To dele thoghty dent,
And hast knyghtes of mayn,
Launcelet, Perceval, and Gaweyn,
Prys yn ech turnement. 180

Lybeaus desconus answerde

Yet was y never aferde

For doute of mannys awe,

To fyghte wyth spere or fwerd,

Some dell y have ylerde,

Ther many men were yflawe.

He that fleth for drede,

I wolde, be way or strete,

Hys body wer to-drawe;

I wyll the batayle take,

And never on forsake,

As hyt ys Artours lawe.

Than seyde Artour anon ryght,

Thou getest none other knyght,

Be god that boghte me dere,

Yef the thyngyth hym not wyght,

Go gete the on wher thou myght,

That be of more powere.

That mayde, for wreththe and hete,

Nolde neydyr drynke ne ete,

For alle tho that ther were,

But fatte down all thys mayd,

Tyll the table was ylayd,

Sche and the dwerke yn fere.

Kyng Artour yn that ffounde
Hette of the table rounde

Four the beste knyghtes,
In armes hole and ffounde,
The beste that myghte be ffounde,

Arme Lybeaus anoon ryghtes. 210

And feyde, thorgh helpe of Cryft,
That in the flome tok baptyfte,

He schall holde all hys heghes,
And be good champyoun
To the lady of Synadoun,
And holde up alle her ryghtes.

To army thir knyghtes wer fayn,
The ferste was fyr Gaweyn,

That other fyr Percevale,
The thyrthe fyr Eweyn, 220

The ferthde was fyr Agrafrayn;

So feyth the Frensch tale.

They caste on hym a scherte of felk,

A gypell as whyte as melk,

In that femely fale;

And fyght an hawberk bryght,

That rychely was adyght,

Wyth mayles thykke and smale.

Gaweyn hys owene fyre
 Heng abowte hys fwyre 230
 A fcheld with a gryffoun,
 And Launcelet hym broght a sper,
 In werre with hym well to were,
 And also a fell fachoun.
 And fyr Oweyn hym broght a ftede,
 That was good at everych nede,
 And egre as lyoun,
 And an helm of ryche atyre,
 That was ftele, and noon yre,
 Percevale fette on hys croun. 240

The knyght to hors gan fpryng,
 And rod to Artour the kyng,
 And feyde, My lord hende,
 Yef me thy blefsynge,
 Anoon wythoute dwellynge,
 My wyll ys for to wende.
 Artour hys hond up haf,
 And hys blefsynge he hym yaf,
 As korteyns kyng and hende;
 And feyde, God grante the grace, 250
 And of fpede fpace,
 To brynge the lady out of bende.

The mayde, stout and gay,

Lep on her palfray,

The dwerk rod hyr befyde :

And tyll the thyrde day

Upon the knyght alwey

Ever fche began chyde.

And feyde, Lorell and kaytyf,

They thou wher worth fwyche fyfe, 260

Ytynt now ys thy pryde ;

Thys pafe before kepeth a knyght,

That wyth ech man wyll fyght,

Hys name ys fpronge wyde.

Wylleam Celebronche,

Hys fyght may no man ftaunch,

He ys werroure fo wyth ;

Thorugh herte, other thorough honche,

Wyth hys fper he wyll launche

All that ayens hym ryghtte. 270

Than feyd Lybeaus desconus,

Is hys feghtyng fwyche vus ?

Was he never yhytte ?

Whatfoever me betyde,

To hym y wyll ryde,

And loke how he fyttte.

Forth they ryden all thre,
 Wyth merthe and greet solempnyte,
 Be a castell aunterous,
 And the knyght they gon yfè, 280
 Iarmeth bryght of ble,
 Up on the Vale perylous.
 He bar a scheld of grene,
 Wyth thre lyouns of gold schene,
 Well prowde and precyous,
 Of wych lengell and trappes
 To dele ech man rappes
 Ever he was fous.

And whan he hadde of hem fyght
 To hem he rod full ryght, 290
 And feyde, Welcome, *beau frer*,
 Ho that rydyght her day other nyght
 Wyth me he mot take fyght,
 Other leve hys armes here.
 Well, feyde Lybeaus desconus,
 For love of swete Jhesus,
 Now let us passe skere;
 We haveth for to wende,
 And beth fer from our frende,
 I and thys meyde yn fere. 300

Wylleam answerede tho,
 'Thou myght not skapy so,
 So god gef me good reste,
 We wylleth er thou go
 Fyghte bothe two
 A forlang her be-weste.
 Than feyde Lybeaus, 'Now y fe
 That hyt nell non other be,
 In haste tho dy beste.
 Thou take thy cours wyth schafte, **310**
 Yef thou art knyght of crafte,
 For her es myn all preste.

No lengere they nolde abyde,
 Togedere they gonne ryde,
 Wyth well greet randoun;
 Lybeaus desconus that tyde
 Smot Wylleam yn the fyde
 Wyth a sper feloun.
 And Wylleam sat so faste
 That hys styropes to-brafte, **320**
 And hys hynder arfoun;
 Wylleam gan to stoupe
 Mydde hys horses kroupe
 That he fell adoun.

Hys stede ran away,
 Wylleam ne naght longe lay,
 But start up anoon ryght;
 And feyde, Be my fay,
 Before thys ylke day
 Ne fond y non so wyght. 330
 Now my sted ys ago,
 Fyghte we a fote also,
 As thou art hendy knyght.
 Tho feyde Lybeau desconus,
 Be the love of Jhesus,
 Therto y am full lyght.

Togedere they gone spryng,
 Fauchouns hy gonne out flyng,
 And foghte fell and faste;
 So harde they gonne drynge 340
 That feer, without lesyng,
 Out of har helmes braste.
 But Wylleam Selebraunche
 Lybeau desconus gan lonche
 Thorghout that scheld yn haste,
 A kantell fell to grounde,
 Lybeau that ylke stounde
 In hys herte hyt kaste.

Thanne Lybeaus wys and whyght
Before hym as a noble knyght, 350

As werroure queynte and sclegh,
Hawberk and krest yn fyght
He made fle doun ryght

Of Wylleames helm an hegh.

And wyth the poynt of hys fwerd

He schavede Wylleam ys berd,

And com hy flessch ryght neygh ;

Wylleam smot to hym tho,

That hys sword braft a-two,

That many man hyt feygh. 360

Tho gan Wylleam to crye,

For love of feynt Marye,

Alyve let me passe ;

Hyt wer greet vylanye

To tho a knyght to deye

Wepeneles yn place.

Than seyde Lybeaus desconus,

For love of fwete Jhesus,

Of lyve hast thou no grace,

But yef thou swere an oth, 370

Er than we two goth,

Ryght her before my face.

In hafte knele adoun,
 And fwer an my fachoun
 Thou fchalt to Artour wende,
 And fey, Lord of renoun,
 As overcome and pryfoun,
 A knyght me hyder gan fende.
 That ys yclepede yn us
 Lybeaus desconus, 380

Unknowe of keth and kende.
 Wylleam on knees doun fat,
 And fwor as he hym hat,
 Her forward word and ende.

Thus departede they alle,
 Wyllyam to Artours halle
 Tok the ryghte way;
 As kas hyt began falle
 Knyghtes proud yn palle
 He mette that felve day. 390

Hys fusteres fones thre
 Wher the knyghtes fre,
 That weren so stout and gay,
 Whann they fawe Wyllyam blede,
 As men that wold awyede,
 They made greet deray:

And seyde, 'Eem Wylleam,
Ho hath doun the thys fcham,
That thou bledest so yerne ?'

He seyde, 'Be feynt Jame, 400

On that naght to blame,

A knyght stout and sterne.

A dwerk ryght her before,

Hys squyer as he wore,

And ek a well fayr wyght ;

But othyng grevyth me fore,

That he hath do me fwore,

Upon hys fawchon bryght,

That y ne fchall never more,

Tyll y come Artour before, 410

Sojourne day ne nyght,

For prifoner i mot me yeld,

As overcome yn feld,

Of hys owene knyght,

And never ayens hym bere

Nother fcheld ne fpere ;

All this y have hym hyght.

Thanne seyde the knyghtes thre,

'Thou fchalt full well awreke be,

For sothe wythout fayle ; 420
 He alone ayens us thre
 Nys naght worth a stre
 For to holde batayle.
 Wend forth, eem, and do thyn othe.
 And the traytour, be the rothe,
 We schull hym asayle ;
 Right, be godes grace,
 Ther he thys forest passe
 Thaughe he be dykke of mayle.

Now lete we Wylyam be, 430
 That wente yn hys jorne,
 Toward Artour the kyng ;
 Of these knyghtes thre
 Harkeneth, lordynges fre,
 A ferly fayr fyghtyng.
 They armede hem full well,
 Yn yren and yn stel,
 Wythout ony dwellyng,
 And lepte on stedes sterne,
 And after gon yerne, 440
 To sle that knyght so yenge.

Herof wyfte no wyght
 Lybeaus the yonge knyght,
 But rod forth pas be pas;
 He and that mayde bryght
 Togydere made all nyght
 Game and greet folas.
 Mercy hy gan hym crye
 That hy fpak vylanye,
 He foryaf here that trespas. 450

De dwerke was her fquyer,
 And fervede her fer and ner,
 Of all that nede was.

A morn, whan that hyt was day,
 They wente yn har jornay
 Toward Synadowne,
 Thanne faw they knyghtes thre,
 In armes bryght of ble,
 Ryde out of Karlowne.

All yärmed yn to the teth, 460
 Everych fwor hys deth,
 An ftedes baye browne,
 And cryde to hym full ryght,
 Thef, turne agayn and fyght,
 Wyth the we denketh rounne.

Lybeaus desconus tho kryde,
 'I am redy to ryde
 Ayens yow all yfame.
 He prikede, as pryns yn pryde,
 Hys ftede yn bothe fyde, 470
 In ernest and yn game.
 The eldest brother gan bere
 To fyr Lybeaus a spere,
 Syr Gower was hys name,
 But Lybeaus hym so nygh,
 That he brak hys thegh,
 And ever este he was lame.

The knyght groned for payne,
 Lybeaus wyth myght and mayne,
 Felde hym flat adownn ; 480
 The dwerk Teondeleyn
 Tok the ftede be the rayne,
 And lep ynto the arfoun :
 And rod hym also sket
 Ther that the mayde fet,
 That was fayr of fasoun,
 Tho lough that mayde bryght,
 And seyde, Thys yonge knyght
 Ys chose for champyon.

The myddell brother com yerne, 490

Upon a stede sterne,

Egre as lyoun,

Hym thoghte hys body wold berne,

But he myght also yerne

Fell Lybeaus adoun.

As werroure out of wytte,

Lybeaus on helm he smyt,

With a fell fachoun,

Hys strok so hard he fet,

Thorgh helm and basnet,

That sword tochede hys croun. 500

Tho was Lybeaus agreved,

Whan he feld on hedde

That sword with egre mode,

Hys brond abowte he wevede,

All that he hyt he clevede,

As werroure wyld and wode.

Allas, he feyde tho,

Oon ayens two

To fyghte that ys good. 510

Wel faste they smyte to hym,

And he wyth strokes grym,

Well harde ayens hem stode.

Tho fawe these knyghtes,
 They ne hadde no myghtes
 To feghte ayens her fo.
 To fyr Lybeaus they gon up-yelde
 Bothe har sperys and har fchelde,
 And mercy cryde hym tho.

Lybeaus answerede, Nay, 520
 The ne askapeth so away,
 Be god that schop mankende ;
 Thou and thy brederen tway
 Schull plyght her your fay,
 To kyng Artour to wende ;
 And fey, Lord of renounes,
 As overcome and pryfouns,
 A knyght us hyder gan fende,
 To dwelle yn your bandown,
 And yelde you tour and toun, 530
 Ay wythouten ende.

And but ye wyllen tho fo
 Sertes y schall you flo,
 Er than hyt be nyght ;
 The knyghtes fweren tho
 They wolde to Artour go,
 And trewes ther they plyght.

Thus departede day,
Lybeaus and that may,
As they hadden tyght; 540
Tyll the thyrde day
They ryde yn game and play,
He and that mayde bryght:

And ever they ryden west,
In that wylde forest,
Toward Synadowne;
They nyfte what ham was best
Taken they wolde reste,
And myght not come to toun;
A logge they dyghte of leves, 550
In the grene greves,
With fwordes bryght and broune;
Therinne they dwellede all nyght,
He and that mayde bryght,
That was so fayr of fasoun;

And the dwerk gan wake,
For noo thef ne schuld take
Har hors away with gyle;
For drede he gan to quake,
For gret fer he fawe make 560
Thannes half a myle.

'Arys, he feyde, yong knyght,
To horse that thou wer ydyght.

For dowte of peryle;
For i here greet boft,
And fer smelle roft,

Be god and feynt Gyle.'

Lybeaus was stout and fer,
And lepte on hys destrer,

Hente schelde and spere;
And rod toward the fyer,

And whanne he nyghede ner,
Two geauntes he saw ther.

That on was red and lothlych,
And that other swart as pych,

Grysly bothe of chere;
That oon held yn hys barme
A mayde yclepte yn hys arme,
As bryght as bloße on brere.

570

The rede geaunt sterne

A wylde boor gan terne

Abowte upon a spyte;

That fyer bryght gan berne,

The mayde cryde yerne

That som man schuld her therwete!

580

And feyde, 'Wellaway !
That ever i bode thys day,
With two fendes to fette !
Now help, Marie mylde,
For love of thy chylde, 590
That y be nacht foryette !'

Than feyde Lybeaus, 'Be feynt Jame,
To fave thys mayde fro schame
Hyt wer a fayr apryfe ;
To fyght with bothe yn fame
Hyt wer no chylde's game,
That beth fo grymme and gryfe.'
He tok hys cours wyth fchafte,
As knyght of kende crafte,
And rod be ryght alyfe ; 600
The blake geaunt he smot smert,
Thorgh the lyver, longe, and herte,
That never he myghte aryfe.

Tho flawe that mayde fchene,
And thankede hevene quene,
That fwyche focour her fente ;
Tho com that mayde Elene,
Sche and her dwerk y mene,
And be the hond her hente ;

And ladde her ynto the greves, 610
 Into that logge of leves,
 Wyth well good talent;
 And prayde swete Jhefus,
 Helpe Lybeaus desconus,
 That he wer naght yfchent.

The rede geaunt thore
 Smot to Lybeaus wyth the bore,
 As man that wold awede;
 The strokes he sette so fore.
 That hys cursere therfore, 620
 Deed to grounde yede.
 Lybeaus was redy boun,
 And lepte out of the arfoun,
 As sperk thogh out of glede;
 And egre as a lyoun,
 He faught wyth hys fachoun,
 To quite the geauntes mede.

The geaunt ever faught,
 And at the seconde draught,
 Hys spyte brak a two; 630
 A tre yn honde he kaught,
 As a man that wer up-sawght
 To fyghte ayens hys fo.

And wyth the ende of the tre
He smot Lybeaus scheld a thre,
And tho was Lybeaus well wo;
And er he eft the tre up haf,
A strok Lybeaus hym yaf,
Hys ryght arm fell hym fro.

The geaunt fell to grounde 640
Lybeaus that ylke stounde
Smot of hys hedde ryght
Hym that he yaf er wounde
In that ylke stounde,
- He servede so aplyght.
He tok the heddes two,
And yaf hem the mayden tho,
That he hadde fore that fyght;
The mayde was glad and blythe,
And thonkede god fele fyde, 650
That ever was he made knyght.

Than seyde Lybeaus, 'Gentyl dame,
Tell me what ys thy name,
And wher thou wer ybore.'
Sche seyde, 'Be' feynt Jame,
My fader ys of ryche name,
Woneth her before.

An erl, an hold hore knyght,
 That hath be a man of myght,
 Hys name ys fyr Autore; 660
 Men clepeth me Vyolette,
 For me these geauntes besette
 Our castell full yore.

Yesterday yn the mornynge
 Y wente on my playnge,
 And noon evell ne thoughte,
 The geauntes, wythout lesynge,
 Out of a kave gonne sprynge,
 And to thys fyer me brought.
 Of hem y hedde ben yschent, 670
 Ne god me socour hadde y sent,
 That all thys world wrought;
 He yeldede thys good dede
 That for us gan blede,
 And wyth hys blod us bought.

Without ony more talkynge
 To horse they gon sprynge,
 And ryde forth all yn fame;
 He tolde the erl tydynge
 How he wan yn fyghtynge 680
 Hys chyld fram wo and schame.

The two heddes wer yfent
 Artour the kyng to present,
 With mochell gle and game;
 Thanne ferst yn court aros
 Lybeaus desconus los,
 And hys gentyll fame.

The erl Autore also blyve
 Profrede hys doftyр hym to wyve,
 Vyolette that may; 690
 And kasteles ten and fyve
 And all after hys lyve
 Hys lond to have for ay.
 Than feyde Lybeaus desconoіs,
 Be the love of fwete Jhesus,
 Naught wyve yet y ne may;
 I have for to wende
 Wyth thys mayde fo hende,
 And therefore have good day.

The erl, for hys good dede, 700
 Yaf hym ryche wede,
 Scheld and armes bryght;
 And also a noble ftede,
 That doughty was of dede,
 In batayle and yn fyght.

They ryde forth all thre
Toward the fayre cytè,
Kardevyle for soth hyt hyght ;
Thanne fawe they yn a park
A castell stout and stark, 710
That ryally was adyght.

Swych faw they never non,
Imade of lyme and ston,
Ikarneled all abowte ;
‘Oo, feyde Lybeaus, be feynt Jon,
Her wer a wordly won
For man that wer yn dowte.
Tho logh that mayde bryght,
And feyde hyt owyth a knyght
The beste her abowte ; 720
Ho that wyll wyth hym fyght,
Be hyt be day other nyght,
He doth hym lowe lowte.

For love of hys lemman,
That ys so fayr a woman,
He hath do crye and grede ;
Ho that bryngeth a fayryr oon,
A jersaukon whyt as swan
He schall have to mede.

Yef fche ys naght so bryght, 730
 Wyth Gyfroun he mot fyght,
 And ye may not spede;
 Hys hed schall of be raft,
 And sette upon a sper schaft,
 To se yn lengthe and brede.

And that thou mayst se full well
 Ther stant yn ech a karnell
 An hed other two upryght;
 Than seyde Lybeaus also snell,
 Be god and seynt Mychell, 740
 Wyth Gyffroun y schall fyght;
 And chalaunge the jersawncon,
 And sey that y have yn this toun,
 A lemman to so bryght;
 And yef he her wyll se,
 I wyll hym schewy the,
 Be day other be nyght.

The dwerk seyde, Be Jhesus,
 Gentyll Lybeaus desconus,
 That wer a greet peryle, 750
 Syr Gyffroun le flowdous
 In fyghtyng he hath an us
 Knyghtes to begyle.

Lybeaus answered thar :
 Therof have thou no kar;
 Be god and be feynt Gyle,
 I woll yfè hys face
 Er y westward pace
 From thys cyté a myle.

Wythoute a more resounne
 They tok har yn the toune,
 And dwellede styll yn pefe;
 A morn Lybeaus was boun
 For to wynne renoun,
 And ros wythoute les :
 And armede hym full sure.
 In that felve armure
 That erl Autores was ;
 Hys stede he began stryde,
 The dwerk rod hym besyde,
 Toward that prowde palys.

760

770

Syr Gyffroun le fludous
 Aros as was hys uus,
 In the morn-tyde ;
 And whan he com out of hys hous,
 He saw Lybeaus desconus
 Com prykyde as pryns yn pryde,

Wythoute a more abood

And ayens hym he rod,

And thus to hym he cryde, 780

Wyth voys that was fchrylle ;

Comyft thou for good, other for ylle ?

Tell me, and naght ne hyde.)

Than feyde Lybeaus al fo tytē,

For y have greet delyte

Wyth the for to fyght ;

For thou feyft greet despyte

That woman half fo whyt

As thy lemman be ne myght ;

And y have on yn toune, 790

Fayryr of fasfyounē,

In clothes whan fche ys dyght ;

Therefore thy gerfawcoun

To Artour the kyng wyth kroun

Bryng y fchall wyth ryght.

Than feyde Gyfroun, Gentyll knyght,

How fcholl we preve thys fyght,

Whych of hem fayrer be ?

Lybeaus answerede aplyght,

In Cardevyle cytē ryght, 800

Ther ech man may hem fe :

And bothe they schull be fette
A myddes the market,
To loke on bothe bond and fre ;
Yf my lemman ys broun,
To wyne the gerfawcoun
Fyghte y wyll wyth the.

Than seyde Gyfroun, al so snell,
'To all thys y graunte well,
Thys day at underne-tyde ;
Be god and be seynt Mychell,
Out of thys castell
To Karlof i schall ryde.
Har gloves up they held,
In forward as y teld,
As princes prowde yn pryde ;
Syr Lybeaus al so snell
Rod hom to hys castell,
No lenger he nolde abyde ;

And commande mayde Elene, 820
As femelekeft on to fene,
Buske her and make her boun :
" I fay, be hevene quene,
Gyffrouns lemman schene
This day schall come to toun :

And bothe men you schull yfè,
A mydward the cytè,
Both body and fasoun;
Yef thou be naght so bryght,
Wyth Gyffroun i mot fyght, 830
To wynne the gerfaucoun.

Mayde Elene al so tyte,
In a robe of famyte
Anoon sche gan her tyre,
To tho Lybeaus profyte
In kevechers whyt,
Arayde wyth gold wyre.
A velwet mantyll gay,
Pelvred wyth grys and gray,
Sche caste abowte her fwyre, 840
A fercle upon her molde,
Of stones and of golde,
The best yn that enpyre.

Upon a pomely palfray
Lybeaus sette that may,
And ryden forth all thre;
Thanne ech man gan to fay,
Her cometh a lady gay,
And femelych on to fe.

Into the market fche rode, 850

And hovede and abode,

A mydward the cytè ;

Than fygh they Gyffroun come ryde,

And two squyeres be hys fyde,

Wythout a more maynè.

He bar the fcheld of goules,

Of fylver thre whyte oules,

Of gold was the bordure,

Of the felve colours,

And of non other flowres,

860

Was lyngell and trappure.

Hys squyer gan lede

Before hym upon a ftede

Thre fchafte good and fure ;

That other bar redy boun

The whyte gerfawcoun,

That leyd was to wajour.

After hym com ryde

A lady proud yn pryde,

Was clodeth yn purpel palle ;

870

That folk com fer and wyde

To fe her bak and fyde,

How gentyll fche was and fmall.

Her mantyll was rofyne,
Pelvred wyth ermyne,
Well ryche and reall;
A fercle upon her molde,
Of ftones and of golde,
Wyth many a juall.

As the rofe her rode was red, 880
The her fchon on hyr heed,
As gold wyre fchyneth bryght;
Ayder browe as felken threde,
Abowte yn lengthe and yn brede,
Hyr nofe was ftrath and ryght.
Her eyen gray as glas,
Melk-whyte was her face,
So feyde that her fygh wyth fyght;
Her fwere long and fmall,
Her beawte telle all 890
No man wyth mouth ne myght.

Togedere men gon hem bryng
A mydward the chepyng,
Har beawte to dyscryve;
They feyde, olde and yenge,
For foth wythoute lefyng,
Betwene hem was partye.

Gyffrouns lemman ys clere
 As ys the rose yn erbere,
 For soth and naght to lye; 900
 And Elene, the mesfengere,
 Semeth but a lavendere
 Of her norferye.

Than feyde Gyffroun le fludous,
 'Syr Lybeaus desconus,
 Thys hauk thou hast forlore;
 Than feyde Lybeaus desconus,
 'Nay fwhy ch nas never myn uus,
 Justy y well therfore.
 And yef thou bereft me doun, 910
 Tak my heed the fawkoun,
 As forward was before;
 And yf y bere doun the,
 The hauk schall wende wyth me,
 Maugre thyn heed hore.

What help mo tales telld?
 They ryden yn to the feld,
 And wyth ham greet partye;
 Wyth coronals stef and stelde,
 Eyther smyt other in the scheld, 920
 Wyth greet envye.

Har faftes breke afonder,
Har dentes ferthe as thonder,
That cometh out of the fkye;
Taborus and trompours,
Herawdes goode defcoverours,
Har ftrokes gon defcrye.

Syr Gyffroun gan to fpeke,
Brenge a fchaft that nell naght breke,
A fchaft wyth a cornall; 930
Thys yonge ferly frek
Ys yn hys fadell fteke,
As ftone yn castell wall.
Thaugh he wer whyght werroure,
As Alyfander, other Artour,
Launcelot, other Percevale,
I wyll do hym ftoupe
Over hys horfes croupe,
And yeve hym evele fall.

The knyghtes bothe two 940
Togydere they ryden tho,
With well greet raundoun;
Lybeaus smot Gyffroun fo,
That hys fcheld fell hym fro,
In that feld adoun.

Tho lough all that ther wes,
 And feyde wythoute les,
 Duke, erl, and baroun,
 That yet never they ne feygh
 Man that myghte dreygh 950
 To justy wyth Gyffroun.

Gyffroun hys hors outryt,
 And was wode out of wyt,
 For he myghte naght spede;
 He rod agayn as tyd,
 And Lybeaus so he smyt,
 As man that wold a wede.
 But Lybeaus fat so faste,
 That Gyffroun doun he caste,
 Bothe hym and hys stede; 960
 Gyffrounys legge to-brak,
 That men herde the krak,
 Aboute yn lengthe and brede.

Tho feyde all tho that ther wore,
 That Gyffroun hadde forlore,
 The whyte gerfawkoun;
 To Lybeaus thay hym bore,
 And wente, lasse and more,
 Wyth hym ynto the toune.

Syr Gyffroun, upon hys scheld, 970
Was ybore hom fram the feld,
Wyth care and rufull roun;
The gerfawkoun yfent was,
Be a knyght that hyght Gludas,
To Artour kyng wyth kroun.

And wryten all the dede
Wyth hym he gan lede,
The hauk how that he wan;
Tho Artour herde hyt rede,
To hys knyghtes he feyde, 980
"Lybeaus well werry kan.
He hath me fent the valour
Of noble dedes four
Sethe he ferst began;
Now wyll y fende hym trefour,
To spendy wyth honour,
As falleth for fwyche a man.

And hundred pound honest
Of floryns wyth the best
He fente to Cardelof than; 990
Tho Lybeaus held hys feste,
That fourty dayes leste,

Of lordes of renoun.
 Than Lybeaus and that may
 Token hyr ryghte way
 Toward Synadowne.
 And fayre her leve token thay,
 To wende ynto another contray,
 Of duk, erl and baroun ;
 As they ryden an a lowe, 1000
 Hornes herde they blowe,
 Ther unther the doune ;

And houndes ronne greet and fmale,
 Hontes grette yn the vale
 The dwerke feyde that drowe
 For to telle foth my tale,
 Fele yeres ferly fale
 That horn well y thede knowe.
 Hym blowyth fyr Otes de Lyle,
 That fervede my lady fom whyle, 1010
 In her femyly fale,
 Whanne he was take wyth gyle
 He flawe for greet peryle
 West ynto Wyrhale.

As they ryde talkynge
A rach ther com flyngynge
Overtwert the way,
Thanne feyde old and yynge,
From her ferst gynnyng,

They ne sawe hond never so gay. 1020

He was of all colours
That man may se of flours,
Betwene Mydfomer and May;
That mayde fayde al so snell,
'Ne saw y never no juell
So lykynge to my pay :

God wold that y hym aughte !
Lybeaus anoon hym kaghte,

And yaf hym to mayde Elene ;
They ryden forth all yn faght, 1030
And tolde how knyghtes faght,
For ladyes bryght and schene.

Ne hadde they ryde but a whyle,
The mountance of a myle,

In that forest grene,
They sawe an hynde com styke,
And two grehoundes ylyke,
Be that rech that y er of mene.

They hovede unther a lynde,
To se the cours of the hynde, 1040

Lybeaus and hys fere ;
Thanne seygh they come byhynde
A knyght iclodeth yn Ynde,
Upon a bay destrere.

Hys bugle he gan to blowe,
For hys folk hyt schuld knowe

In what stede he wer ;
He seyde to hem that throwe,
'Syr, that rach was myn owe,
Ygon for sevene yere : 1050

Frendes, leteth hym go.'
Lybeauus answerede tho,
'That schall never betyde,
For wyth myn handes two
I hym yaf that mayde me fro
That hoveth me besyde.'

Tho seyde ser Otes de Lyle,
'Than artow yn peryle,
Byker yef thou abyde.'

Tho seyde Lybeauus, 'Be seynt Gyle, 1060
I ne yeve naght of thy gyle,
Cherll, though thou chyde.'

Than feyde fyr Otes de Lyle,
'Syr, thyn wordes beth fyle,
Cherll was never my name;
My fader an erll was whyle,
The countesse of Karlyle
Certes was my dame.
Wer ych yärmed now,
Redy as art thou, 1070
We wolde feyghte yn fame;
But thou the rach me leve,
Thou pleyyst, er hyt be eve,
A wonder wylde game.'

Tho feyde Lybeaus also preft,
'Therof tho thy best,
Thys rach schall wyth me wende.'
They tok har way ryght west,
In that wylde forest,
Ryght as the dwerk hem kende. 1080
The lord wyth greet errour
Rod hom to hys tour,
And after hys frendes sende,
And tolde hem anon ryghtes
That on of Artourys knyghtes
Schamelych gan hym schende;

And hadde hys rach ynome.
 Thanne feyde alle and fome, :
 'The traytour schall be take,
 And never ayen hom come, 1090
 Though he wer thoghtyer gome,
 Than Launcelet du Lake.
 Tho dyghte they hem all to armes,
 Wyth fwerdes and wyth gyfarmes,
 As werre schold awake ;
 Knytes and squyeres,
 Lepte on her destrerys,
 For har lordes fake.

Upon an hell well hyghe
 Lybeaus ther they fyghe, 1100
 He rod pas be pas ;
 To hym they gon crye,
 'Traytour, thou schalt dye,
 For thy wykkede trespas.
 Syr Lybeaus ayen beheld
 How fulfelde was the feld,
 So greet peple ther was ;
 He fayde, Mayde Elene,
 For our rach, y wene,
 Us cometh a karfull cas. 1110

I rede that ye drawe
Into the wode schawe,
Your heddes for to hyde ;
For y am fwyde fawe,
Thaugh ych schulde be flawe,
Bykere of hem y woll abyde.
Into the wode they rode,
And Lybeaus theroute abothe,
As aunterous knyght yn pryde ;
Wyth bowe, and wyth arblaste, 1120
To hym they schote faste,
And made hym woundes wyde.

Lybeaus stede ran,
And bar doun hors and man,
For nothyng nolde he spare ;
That peple seyde than,
Thys ys fend Satan,
That mankende wyll forfare.
For wham Lybeaus arafte
After hys ferste drawghte 1130
He slep for evermare :
But sone he was befette
As theer ys yn a nette
Wyth grymly wondes fare.

Twelf knyghtes all preft,

He faw come yn the forest,

In armes cler and bryght;

Al day they hadde yrest,

And thought yn that forest,

To fle Lybeaus the knyght. 1140

Of fute were all twelfe,

That on was the lord hymfelf,

In ryme to rede aryght;

They fmyte to hym all at ones,

And thoghte to breke hys bones,

And felle hym doun yn fyght.

Tho myghte men her dyngge,

And fwordes lowde ryngge,

Among hem all yn fere;

So harde they gonne thryngge, 1150

The sparkes gonne out fpryngge,

Fram fcheld and helmes clere.

Lybeaus flough of hem thre,

And the four gonne to fle,

And thorft naght nyghthe hym nere,

The lord dwellede yn that fchour,

And hys fones four,

To felle har lyves there.

Ther rounne tho-rappes ryve,
He ayens hem fyve, 1160

Faught as he were wod;
Neygh doun they gonne hym dryve,
As water doth of clyve,
Of hym ran the blode.

As he was neygh yspylt,
Hys fwerd braft yn the hylt,

Tho was he mad of mode;
The lord a strok hym fette,
Through helm and basnet,
That yn the scheld hyt stode. 1170

Afwogh he fell adoun,
An hys hynder arfoun,

As man that was mate;
Hys fomen were well boun,
To perce hys acketoun,
Gypell, mayl, and plate.

As he gan fore smerte,
Up he pullede hys herte,

And keverede of hys state;
An ex he hente all boun, 1180
At hys hynder arfoun,

Allmest hym thoughte to late.

Than befterede he hym as a knyght,
 Thre ftedes heoddes doun ryght,
 He smot at ftrokes thre;
 The lord faw that fyght,
 And on hys courfer lyght,
 Away he gan to fle,
 Lybeauus no lenger abode,
 But aftyr hym he rode, 1190
 And unther a chefteyn tre,
 Ther he hadde hym quelthe,
 But the lord hym yeld
 At hys wylle to be.

And be fertayne extente
 Trefour, lond, and rente,
 Castell, halle, and bour,
 Lybeauus therto confente
 In forward that he wente
 To the kyng Artour, 1200
 And feye, Lord of renoun,
 As overcome and pryfoun
 Y am to thyne honour.
 The lord grauntede to hys wylle
 Bothe lowthe and ftylle,
 And ledde hym to hys bour.

Anoon that mayde Elene,
Wyth gentyll men fyftene
Was fet to that castell
Sche and the dwerke bydene **1210**
Tolde dedes kene

Of Lybeaus how hyt fell.
Swyche presentes four
He hadde ysent kyng Artour,
That he wan fayr and well;
The lord was glad and blythe,
And thonketh fele fyde
God and feynt Mychell.

Now reſte we her awhyle
Of fyr Otes de Lyle, **1220**
And telle we other tales.
Lybeaus rod many a myle,
Among aventurus fyle,
In Yrland and yn Wales.
Hyт befell yn the month of June,
Whan the fenell hangeth yn toun,
Grene yn femely fales,
Thys fomerys day ys long,
Mery ys the fowles fong,
As notes of the nyghtyngales. **1230**

That tyme Lybeauus com ryde,

Be a ryver fyde,

And saw a greet cytè,

Wyth palys prowde yn pryde,

And castelles heygh and wyde,

Wyth gates greet plentè.

He axede what hyt hyght.

The mayde feyde anon ryght,

‘Syr, y telle hyt the,

Men clepeth hyt Yledor,

1240

Her hath be fyghtynge mor

Thanne owher yn any countre.

For a lady of prys,

Wyth rode rede as rose on ryfe,

Thys countre ys yn dowte;

A geaunt hatte Mauugys,

Nowher hys per ther nys,

Her hathe be leyde abowte.

He ys blak as ony pych,

Nower ther ys non fwych,

1250

Of dede sterne and stoute;

Ho that passeth the bregge

Hys armes he mot legge,

And to the geaunt alowte.

Tho feyde Lybeauus, Mayde hende,
Schold y wonde to wende,

For hys dentys ylle;

Yf god me grace fende,

Er thys day come to ende,

Wyth fyght y schall hym spylle. 1260

I have yfeyn grete okes

Falle for wyndes ftrokes,

The smale han stonde styll;

They y be yyng and lyte,

To hym yyt wyll y smyte

Do god all hys wylle.

They ryden forth all thre

Toward that fayre cytè,

Me clepeth hyt Ylledore;

Mauugeys they gonne yfè

Upon the bregge of tre,

Bold as wylde bore.

Hys scheld as blakke as pych,

Lyngell armes trappur was fwych,

Thre mammettes therynne wore,

Of gold gaylyth ygeld,

A schafte an honde he held,

And oo scheld hym before.

He cryde to hym yn despyte,
 Say, thou felaw yn whyt, 1280
 Tell me what art thou,
 Torne hom agayn all so tyt,
 For thy owene profyt,
 Yef thou lovede thy prow.
 Lybeaus feyde anoon ryght,
 Artour made me knyght,
 To hym i made a vow,
 That y ne schulde never turne bak,
 Therefore, thou devell yn blak,
 Make the redy now. 1290

Syr Lybeaus and Maugys,
 On stedes prowde of prys,
 Togedere ryde full rȳght;
 Bothe lardes and ladyes
 Leyn out yn pomet touris
 To se that fely fyght;
 And prayde wyth good wyll,
 Bothe lode and styll,
 Helpe Lybeaus the knyght;
 And that fyle geaunt, 1300
 That levede yn Termagaunt,
 That day to deye yn fyght.

Har scheldes brooke asonder,

Har dentes ferd as donder,

The peces gonne out sprynge;

Ech man hadde wonder

That Lybeaus ne hadde ybe unther,

At the ferst gynnyng.

Thanne drough dey fwordes bothe,

As men that weren wrothe, **1310**

And gonne togedere dyng;

Lybeaus smot Mauugys so,

That hys scheld fell hym fro,

And yn to the feld gan flynge.

Maugys was queynte and quede,

And smot of the stedes heed,

That all fell out the brayne;

The stede fell doune deed,

Lybeaus nothyng ne fede,

Bot start hym up agayn. **1320**

An ax he hente boun,

That heng at hys arsoun,

And smot a strok of mayn;

Thorugh Maugys stedes fwyre,

And forkarf bon and lyre,

That heed fell yn the playn.

Afote they gonne to fyghte,
 As men that wer of myghte,
 The ftrokes betwene hem two
 Descryve no man ne myghte, **1330**
 For they wer unfyght,
 And eyder othres fo.
 Fram the our of pryde
 Tyll hyt was evesong tyme
 To fyghte they wer well thro;
 Syr Lybeaus durstede fore,
 And seyde Maugys thyn ore,
 To drynke lette me go:

And y schall graunte the
 What bone thou bydest me, **1340**
 Swych cas yef that be tyt;
 Greet schame hyt wold be
 For durste a knyght to fle,
 And no mare profyt.
 Maugys grauntede hys wyll,
 To drynke all hys fyll,
 Wythout any despyte;
 As Lybeaus ley on the bank,
 And thorough hes helm he drank,
 Maugys a strok hym smyt. **1350**

That yn the ryver he fell,
 Hys armes echadell,
 Was weet and evell adyght;
 But up he start snell,
 And feyde, Be feynt Mychell,
 Now am y two so lyght.
 What wendest thou, fendes fere?
 Uncrystenede that were
 Tyll y saw the wyth fyght;
 I schall for thys baptyse 1360
 Ryght well quyte thy servyse,
 Thorough grace of god almyght.

Thanne neue fyght they began,
 Eyther tyll other ran,
 And delede dentes strong;
 Many a gentylman,
 And ladyes whyt as swan,
 For Lybeaus handes wrong.
 For Maugys yn the feld
 Forkarf Lybeaus scheld, 1370
 Wyth dente of armes long;
 Thanne Lybeaus ran away,
 Ther that Maugys scheld lay,
 And up he gan hyt fonge.

And ran agayn to hym
 Wyth strokes stout and grym,
 Togydere they gonne afayle,
 Befyde that ryver brym
 Tyll hyt derkede dym

Betwene hem was batayle. 1380

Lybeaus was werroure wyght,
 And smot a stroke of myght,
 Thoroughe gypell, plate, and mayll;
 Forthwyth the scholder bon
 Maugys arm fyll of anoon,
 Into the feld faunz fayle.

The geaunt thys gan fe
 Iflawe that he schulde be,

And flaugh wyth myght and mayn.

Lybeaus after gan fle, 1390
 Wyth sterne strokes thre,

And smot hys bak atweyn.

The geaunt ther beleveth
 Lybeaus smot of hys heved,

And of the batayle was fayn.

He wente ynto the toun
 Wyth fayr procesioun,

That folk com hym agayn.

A lady, whyt as flowr,
 That hyghte *la dame d'amore*,
 A feng hym fayr and well;
 And thankede hys honour,
 That he was her focour,
 Ayens the geaunt so fell.
 To chambre fche gan hym lede,
 And dede of all hys wede,
 And clodede hym yn pell;
 And proferede hym wyth word
 For to be her lord,
 In cyté and castell. 1410

Lybeaus grauntede yn hafte,
 And love to her he caste,
 For fche was bryght and fchene;
 Alas he ne hadde ybe chaft!
 For aftyward at laft,
 Sche dede hym greet tene.
 For twelf monthe and more
 Lybeaus dwellede thore,
 And mayde Elene;
 That never he myghte out-breke, 1420
 For to help a wreke
 Of Synadowne the quene.

For thys fayr lady
 Kowthe moch of forcery,
 More then other wycches fyfe;
 Sche made hym melodye,
 Of all manere menstracy,
 That man myghte descryve.
 Whan he feygh her face,
 Hym thought he was 1430
 In Paradys alyve;
 Wyth fantafme, and fayrye,
 Thus fche blerede hys yye,
 That evell mot fche thryve.

Tyll hyt fell on a day,
 He mette Elene that may,
 Wythinne the castell tour;
 To hym fche gan to fay,
 Syr knyght, thou art fals of fay,
 Ayens the kyng Artour. 1440
 For love of a woman,
 That of forcery kan,
 Thou doost greet dyshonour;
 The lady of Synadowne
 Longe lyght yn prifoun,
 And that ys greet dolour.

Lybeaus herd her so speke,
Hym thought hys hert wold breke,
For sorow and for schame ;
And at a posterne unsteke 1450
Lybeaus gan out-breke
Fram that gentyll dame ;
And tok wyth hym hys stede,
Hys scheld, and hys ryche wede,
And ryde forth all yfame ;
Her styward stout and sterne,
He made hys squyere,
Gyfflet was hys name :

And ryde, as fast as they may,
Forth yn her jornay, 1460
On stedes bay and browne ;
Upon the thyrdde thay
They saw a cyté gay,
Me clepeth hyt Synadowne.
Wyth castell heygh and wyde,
And palys prowde yn pryde,
Werk of fayr fasfoune ;
But Lybeaus desconus
He hadde wonder of an uus
That he saw do yn toune. 1470

For gore, and fen, and full waft,
That was out ykast,

Togydere they gaderede y wys;
Lybeauus axede yn haft,
‘Tell me, mayde chaft,
What amounteth thys?

They taketh all that hore,
That er was out ybore,

Me thyngeth they don a mys.
Thanne feyde mayde Elene, 1480
‘Syr, wythouten wene,
I schalle the telle how yt ys.

No knyght for neffche ne hard,
They he schold be forfard,

Ne geteth her non ostell,
For love of a styward,
Men clepeth hym fyr Lambard,
Constable of thys castell.

Ryde to that est gate,
And axede thyn in therate, 1490

Bothe fayre and well;
And er he bete thy nede,
Justes he wyll the bede,
By god and feynt Mychell.

And yf he beryth the doun,
 Hys trompys schull be boun,
 Har bemes for to blowe;
 And thoroughout Synadowne,
 Bothe maydenes, and garsfoun,
 Fowyll fen schull on the throwe: 1500
 And thanne to thy lyves ende,
 In whett stede that thou wende,
 For coward werst thou knowe,
 And thus may kyng Artour
 Lese hys honour,
 Thorough thy dede flowe.

Than feyde Lybeaus al so tyt,
 That wer a greet dyspyt,
 For any man alyve;
 To tho Artour profyt, 1510
 And make the lady quyt,
 To hym y wyll dryve.
 Syr Gyfflette, make the yare!—
 Thyder we wyllyth fare,
 Hastely and blyve.
 They ryde the ryght gate,
 Even to the castell-yate,
 Wyth fayre schaftes fyfe.

And at the fayr castell
They axede her ostell, 1520

For aunterous knyghtes ;
The porter, fayre and well,
Lette ham yn al so snell,

And axede anon ryghtes :
'Ho ys yowre governowre ?'
They feyde, Kyng Artour,

That ys man most of myghtes ;
And welle of curtesye,
And flowr of chyvalrye,
To felle hys fon yn fyghtes. 1530

The porter profytable,
To hys lord the constable
Thus hys tale tolde,
And wythoute fable,
'Syr, of the rownde table
Beth come knyghtes bolde ;
That beth armed fure
In rose-reed armure,
Wyth thre lyouns of gold ;
Lambard therof was fayn, 1540
And swore oth fertayn,
Wyth hem iuste he wolde.

And bad hem make yare,

Into the feld to fare,

Wythoute the castell gate;

The porter nold naght spare,

As grehound doth the hare,

To ham he ran full wate.

And feyde anon ryghtes,

Ye aunterous knyghtes,

1550

For nothyng ye ne late;

Loketh your scheldes be strong,

Your schaftes good and long,

Your faket and faunplate.

And rydeth ynto the feld,

My lord, wyth sper and scheld,

Cometh wyth yow to play.

Lybeaus spak wordes bold,

That ys a tale ytold,

Well lykyng unto my pay.

1560

Into the felde they ryde,

And hovede and abyde,

As best broght to bay;

The lord of sente hys stede,

Hys scheld, hys ryche wede,

Hys atyre was stout and gay.

Hys scheld was of gold fyn,
 The bores heddes therinne,
 As blak as brond ybrent;
 The bordur of ermyne, 1570
 Nas non so queynte of gyn,
 From Karlell ynto Kent.
 And of the fame paynture
 Was lyngell and trappure
 Iwroght well fayre and gent;
 Hys schaft was strong wythall,
 Theron a stef coronall,
 To dely doghty dent.

And whane that stout styward,
 That hyghte fyr Lambard, 1580
 Was armede at all ryghtes,
 He rood to the feld ward,
 Lyght as a lybard,
 Ther hym abyde the knyghtes.
 He smote his schaft yn grate,
 Almost hym thought to late,
 Whanne he feygh hem wyth fyghte;
 Lybeaus rood to hym thare,
 Wyth a schaft all square,
 As man most of myghte. 1590

Eyther smot other yn the scheld,
 The peces fell ynto the feld,
 Of her schaftes schene;
 All tho that hyt beheld,
 Ech man to other teld,
 "The yonge knyghte ys kene."
 Lambard was aschamed fore,
 So nas he never yn feld before,
 To wyte and naght to wene;
 He cryde, "Do come a stranger schaft," 1600
 Yf Artours knyght kan craft,
 Now hyt schall be sene.

Tho he tok a schaft rounde,
 Wyth cornall fcharp ygrounde,
 And ryde be ryght resoun;
 Ayder provede yn that stounde
 To yeve other dedys wounde,
 Wyth fell herte as lyoun.
 Lambard smot Lybeaus fo
 That hys scheld fell hym fro, 1610
 Into the feld adoun;
 So harde he hym hytte,
 Unnethe that he myghte fyte
 Upryght yn hys arsoun.

Hys schaft brak wyth gret power,
 Lybeaus hytte Lambard yn the launcer
 Of hys helm fo bryght;
 That pyfane, aventayle, and gorgere,
 Fell ynto the felld fer,
 And fyr Lambard upryght 1620
 Sat, and rokkede yn hys fadell,
 As chyld doth yn a kradell,
 Wythoute mannys myght;
 Ech man tok other be the hod,
 And gonne for to herye good
 Borgays, baroun, and knyght.

Ayen to ryde Lambard thought,
 Another helm hym was brought,
 And a schaft unmete;
 Whan they togydere mette, 1630
 Ayder yn' other scheld hytte,
 Strokes grymly greete.
 Syr Lambardys schaft to-braft,
 And fyr Lybeaus fat fo faste
 In fadelys as they fetten,
 That the styward, fyr Lambard,
 Fell of hys stede bakward,
 So harde they two metten.

Syr Lambard was aschamed fore,
Than feyde Lybeauus, 'Wyltow more?' 1640

And he answered, 'Nay;
Never fethe y was ybore,
Ne fygh ycome her before.

So redy a knyght to my pay.
A thoghth y have myn herte wythinne,
That thou art com of Gawenys kynne,

That ys so stout and gay;
Yef thou schalt for my lady fyght,
Well come to me, fyr, thou knyght,
In love and fykyr fay. 1650

Lybeauus answered fykyrly,
'Feyghte y schall for a lady,

Be heste of kyng Artour;
But y not wherfore ne why,
Ne who her doth swych vylany,
Ne what ys her dolour.

A mayde, that ys her mesfengere,
And a dwerke me brought her,
Her to do focour;

The constable feyde, 'Well founde, 1660
Noble knyght of the table rounde,
Ibleffed be feynt Saviour.'

Anon that mayde Elene
 Was fette wyth knyghtes ten,
 Before fyr Lambard;
 Sche and the dwerk y mene
 Tolde feven dedes kene,
 That he dede dydyrward;
 And how that fyr Lybeaus
 Faught wyth fele schrewys, 1670
 And for no deth ne spared;
 Lambard was glad and blythe,
 And thonkede fele fyde,
 God and feynt Edward.

Anon, wyth mylde chere,
 They fete to the fopere,
 Wyth moch gle and game;
 Lambard and Lybeaus, yn fere,
 Of aventurs that ther wer
 Talkede bothe yn fame. 1680
 Than feyde Lybeaus, Syr Conftable,
 Tell me wythout fable,
 What ys the knyghtes name,
 That halt fo yn prifoune
 The lady of Synadowne,
 That ys fo gentyll-a dame.

“ Nay, fyr, knyght ys he non,
 Be god and be feynt Jon,
 That dorst away her lede;
 Two clerkes beth her fon, 1690
 Well fals of fleffch and bon,
 That haveth ydo thys dede.
 Hyt beth men of maystrye,
 Clerkes of nygremanfye,
 Hare artes for to rede;
 Syr Maboun hatte that other,
 And fyr Irayn hys brother,
 For wham we beth yn drede.

Thys Yrayn and Maboun
 Have imade of our toun 1700
 A palys queynte of gynne;
 Ther nys knyght ne baroun,
 Wyth herte harde as lyoun,
 That thorste come therinne.
 Thys ys be nygremauncye,
 Ymaketh of fayrye,
 No man may hyt wynne;
 Therinne ys yn pryfoun,
 The lady of Synadowne,
 Ys come of knyghtes kynne. 1710

Ofte we hereth her crye,
 But her to se wyth eye
 Therto have we no myghte;
 They doth her turmentrye,
 And all vylanye,
 Be dayes and be nyght.
 Thys Maboun and Irayn
 Haveth swor deth certayn,
 To dethe they wyll her dyghte;
 But sche graunte hem tylle 1720
 To do Mabounnys wylle,
 And yeve hem all her ryght.

Of alle thys dukdom feyr
 That ylke lady ys eyr;
 And come of knyghtes kenne;
 Sche ys meke and boneyre,
 Therefore we beth in despeyre,
 That sche be dyght to fynne.
 Than seyde Lybeauus desconus,
 Be the grace of Jhefus, 1730
 That lady y schall wyne
 Of Maboun and Yrayn;
 Schame i schall, certayne,
 Hem bothe wythout and wythinne.

Tho toke they har reſte,
In lykyng as hem leſte,

In the caſtell that nyght;
A morow Lybeaus hym preſt
In armes that wer beſt,

And freſſch he was to fyght. 1740

Lambard ladde hym forth well whate,

And broghte hym at the caſtell gate,

And fond hyt open ryght,

No ferther ne dorſte hym brynge,

For ſoth wythout leſynge,

Erll, baroun, ne knyght.

But turnede hom agayn,

Save fyr Gylet hys ſwayn

Wolde wyth hym ryde;

He ſwor his oth ferteyn, 1750

He wold ſe hare brayn,

Yf they hym wold abyde.

To the caſtell he rod,

And hoveſte and abod,

To Jheſu bad and tolde,

To ſende hym tydynge glad.

Of nam that longe had

That lady yn pryfoun holde.

Syr Lybeaus knyght certeys
 Rod ynto the palys, 1760
 And at the halle alyghte;
 Trompes, schalmuses,
 He feygh be for the hyegh deys
 Stonde yn hys fyghte.
 Amydde the halle flore
 A fere stark and store
 Was lyght and brende bryght,
 Nere the dore he yede,
 And ladde yn hys stede,
 That wont was helpe hym yn fyght. 1770

Lybeaus inner gan pace,
 To se ech a place,
 The hales yn the halle,
 Of mayne mor ne lasse
 Ne sawe he body ne face
 But menstiales yclodeth yn palle.
 Wyth harp, fydele, and rote,
 Orgenes, and mery note,
 Well mery they maden alle;
 Wyth fytale, and sawtrye, 1780
 So moche melodye
 Was never wythinne walle.

Before ech menstrale stod
 A torche fayre and good,
 Brennynge fayre and bryght;
 Inner more he yode,
 To wyte wyth egre mode
 Ho scholde wyth hym fyghte.
 He yede ynto the corneres,
 And lokede on the pylers,
 That felcouth wer of fyghte,
 Of jasper, and of fyn cristall,
 Swych was pylers and wall,
 No rythere be ne myghte.

The thores wer of bras,
 The wyndowes wer of glas,
 Floryfseth wyth imagerye,
 The halle ypaynted was,
 No rythere never ther nas,
 That he hadde feye wyth eye.

He sette hym an that deys,
 The menstrales wer yn pes,
 That were go good and trye,
 The torches that brende bryght
 Quenchede anon ryght,
 The menstrales wer aweye.

Dores and wyndowes alle
 Beten yn the halle,
 As hyt wer voys of thunder;
 The stones of the walle 1810
 Over hym gon falle,
 That thought hym mych wonther.
 That deys began to schake,
 The erthe began to quake,
 As he fatte hym under;
 The rof abone unlek,
 And the faunsere ek,
 As hyt wolde asonder.

As he fat thus dysmayde,
 And held hymself betrayde, 1820
 Stedes herde he naye.
 Thanne was he bette ypayd,
 And to hymself he sayd,
 "Yet y hope to playe."
 He lokede ynto a feld,
 Ther he sawe, wyth sper and scheld,
 Come ryde knytes tweye;
 Of purpur Inde armure
 Was lyngell and trappure,
 Wyth gold garlandys gay. 1830

That on rod ynto the halle,
 And ther he gan to kalle,
 'Syr knyght aunterous,
 Swych cas ther ys befallē,
 Though thou be proud yn palle,
 Fyghte thou most wyth us.
 Queynte thou art of gynne,
 Yf thou that lady wynne,
 That ys so precyous.
 Tho seyde Lybeaus, anon ryght, **1840**
 All freffch i am to fyght,
 Thorugh help of fwete Jhefus,

Lybeaus wyth goodwyll
 Into hys sadell gan fkyll,
 And a launce yn hond he hent;
 Quyk he rod hem tyll,
 In feld hys fon to fell,
 Therto was hys talent.
 Togedere whan they mette
 Upon har scheldes they fette **1850**
 Strokes of thoughty dent:
 Mabounys schaft to-braft,
 Tho was he fore agast,
 And held hymself yfchent

And wyth that strok feloun,
Lybeaus bar hym adoun

Over hys horfes tayle,
For hys hynder arfoun
To-brak and fyll adoun

In that feld faunz fayle.

And neygh he hadde hym sclayn,

Wyth that come ryde Yrayn

Wyth helm, hauberke and mayle,

All freffch he was to fyght,

He thought wyth mayn and myght

Syr Lybeaus for to afayle.

Lybeaus of hym was war,

And sper to hym he bar,

And lette hys brother stylle;

Swych dent he smot dar

That hys hauberke to-tar,

And that lykede Yrayn ylle.

Har launces they brak atwo,

Swerdes they through out tho,

Wyth herte grym and grylle,

And gonne for to fyghte,

Eyder prevede hys myght

Other for to spylle.

As they togedere hewe
 Maboun the mare schrewe
 In feld up aros ;
 He fawe and well knew
 That Yrayn smot dentys fewe,
 Therefore hym grym agros.
 To Yrayn he ran ryght,
 To helpe fle yn fyght
 Lybeauus that was of noble los ;
 But Lybeauus faught wyth hem bothe,
 Though they wer never fo wrothe,
 And kepte hymself yn clos. 1880

Whan Yrayn saw Maboun,
 He smot a strok feloun
 To fyr Lybeauus wyth yre,
 Before forther arfoun
 Als sket he karf adoun
 Of Lybeauus stede swyre.
 But Lybeauus was werroure slegh,
 And smot of hys theygh,
 Fell, and bone, and lyre ;
 Tho halp hym nagh hys armys 1900
 Hys chauntement, ne hys charmys,
 Adoun fell that fery fyre.

Lybeaus adoun lyght,
 Afote for to fyght,
 Maboun and he yn fere;
 Swych strokes they gon dyghte,
 That sparkes sprong out bryght
 Fram scheld and helmes clere.
 As they togedere fette,
 Har swerdes togedere mette, 1910
 As ye may lythe and lere;
 Maboun, that more schrewe,
 To-karf that sworde of Lybeawe,
 A twynne quyt and skere.

Lybeaus was fore aschamed,
 And yn hys herte agramede,
 For he hadde ylore hys sworde;
 And hys stede was lamed,
 And he schulde be defamed,
 To Artour kyng, hys lord. 1920
 To Yrayn tho he ran,
 Hys sword he drough out than,
 Was scharp of egge, and ord;
 To Maboun he ran ryght,
 Well faste he gan to fyght,
 Of love ther nas no word.

But ever faught Maboun,

As a wod lyoun,

Lybeaus for to flo ;

But Lybeaus karf adoun

1930

Hys scheld wyth hys fachoun,

That he tok Yrayn fro.

Wythout more tale teld,

The left arm wyth the scheld

Well evene he smot of tho ;

Tho spak Maboun hym tylle,

Of thyne dentys ylle,

Gentyll knyght, now ho.

And i woll yelde me,

In trewthe and lewtè,

1940

At thyn owene wylle ;

And that lady fre,

That ys yn my poustè,

I wyll the take tylle.

For thorough that swordes dent

Myn hond y have yfchent,

That femyn wyll me spylle ;

I femynede hem bothe,

Sertayn wythoute nothe,

In feld our fon to fylle.

1950

Seyde Lybeaus, Be my thryfte,
I nell naght of thy yeste,

All thys world to wynne;
But ley on strokes fwyfte,
Our on schall other lyfte

That hedde of be the skynne.
Maboun and Lybeaus
Faste togedere hewes,

And stente for no fynne;
Lybeaus was more of myght, 1960
And karf hys helm bryght,
And hys hedde atwynne.

Tho Maboun was ysclayn,
He ran ther he leste Yrayn,
Wyth fachoun yn hys fest;
For to cleve hys brayn,
Therof he was fertayn,

And trewly was hys tryft.
And whanne he com thore,
Away he was ybore, 1970

Whyderward he nyfte;
He softe hym for the nones,
Wyde yn alle the wones,
To fyghte more hym lyfte.

And whanne he ne fond hym noght,
 He held hymself be caught,
 And gan to fyke fare,
 And feyde yn word and thought
 'Thys wyll be fore abought
 That he ys thus fram me yfare.' 1980
 On kne hym fette that gentyll knyght
 And prayde to Marie bryght,
 Kevere hym of hys care;
 As he prayde thus yn halle
 Out of the fton walle
 A wyndow doun fyll thare;

And a greet wonder wythall
 In hys herte gan fall,
 As he sat and beheld;
 A warm come out a pace, 1990
 Wyth a womannes face,
 Was yong and nothyng eld.
 Hyr body and hyr wyngys
 Schynede yn all thynges,
 As gold gaylyche ygyld were,
 Her taye was myche unmete,
 Hyr pawes grymly grete,
 As ye may lythe and lere.

Lybeaus began to fwete,
 Ther he fatte yn hys fete,
 Maad as he were,
 So fore hym gan agryfe
 That he ne myghte aryfe,
as if ? Though hyt hadde bene all afere.
 And er Lybeaus hyt wyfte
 The warm wyth mouth hym kyfte,
 All aboute hys fwyre ;
 And after that kyfsynge
 The warmys tayle and wynges
 Anon hyt fell fro hyre.

So fayr yn all thyng
 Woman wythout lefyng
 Ne saw he never er tho,
 But sche stod before hym naked,
 And all her body quaked,
 Therefore was Lybeaus wo.
 Sche seyde, Knyght gentyle,
 God yelde the dy whyle,
 That my fon thou woldest flo ?
 Thou hast yflawe nouthe
 Two clerkes kouthe,
 To deeth they wold me have ydo.

Be eft, north, and fowthe,

Be wordes of har mouthe,

Well many man kouth they fchend;

Wyth hare chauntement,

To warm me hadde they ywent,

In wo to welde and wende.

Tyll y hadde kyfte Gaweyn,

Eyther fom other knyght fertayn, 2030

That wer of hys kende;

And for thou favyft my lyf,

Casteles ten and fyf

I yeve the wythouten ende :

And y to be thy wyf,

Ay wythouten ftryf,

Yyf hyt ys Artours wylle.

Lybeaus was glad and blythe,

And lepte to horfe fwythe,

And lefte that lady ftylle. 2040

But ever he dradde Yrayn,

For he was naght yflayn,

Wyth fpeche he wold hym fpylle;

To the castell gate he rod,

And hovede and abod,

To Jhefu he bad wyth good wylle,

Sende hym tydyngys glad,
Of ham that long hadde

That lady do vylanye;
Lybeaus Lambard tolde, 2050
And othre knyghtes bolde,

How hym ther gan agye;
And how Maboun was yslayn,
And wondede was Yrayn,

Thorough grace of feynt Marie;
And how that lady bryght
To a warm was dyght,
Thorough kraft of chaunterye.

And how thorough kus of a knyght
— Woman fche was aplyght, 2060

And a femyly creature;
But fche stod me before,
Naketh as fche was ybore,

And feyde, now y am fure
My fomen beth yslayn,
Maboun and Yrayn,

In pes now may we dure.
Whan fyr Lybeaus, knyght of prys,
Hadde ytolde the ftyward, y wys,
All thys aventure, 2070

A robe of purpure bys,

Ypelvryd wyth puryd grys,

Anon he lette forth brynge;

Calles and keverchefs ryche

He sent her pryvylyche,

Anon wythout dwellynge;

And whan sche was redy dyght,

Sche rod wyth mayn and myght,

And wyth her another kyng;

And all the peple of the toune,

Wyth a fayr procesfoun,

Thyder they gonne thrynge.

Whan the lady was come to towne,

Of gold and ryche ftones a krowne,

Upon her hedde was fette;

And weren glad and blythe,

And thonkede god fele fyde,

That her bales bette.

All the lordes of dygnytè,

Dede her omage and feawtè,

As hyt was due dette;

Thus Lybeaus, wys and wyght,

Wan that ylke lady bryght,

Out of the develes nette.

Sevé nyght they made sojour,
 Wyth Lambard yn the tour,
 And all the peple yn fame;
 And tho wente they wyth honour
 To the noble kyng Artour,
 Wyth moche gle and game: 2100
 And thonkede godes myghtes,
 Artour and hys knyghtes,
 That he ne hadde no schame;
 Artour yaf her also blyve
 Lybeaus to be hys wyfe,
 That was so gentyll a dame.

The joye of that bredale
 Nys not told yn tale,
 Ne rekened yn no gest;
 Barons and lordynges fale 2110
 Come to that femyly fale,
 And ladyes well honeste.
 Ther was ryche fervyse,
 Of all that men kouth devyse,
 To lest and ek to mest;
 The menstrales, yn bour and halle,
 Hadde ryche yftes wythalle,
 And they that weryn unwrest.

Fourty dayes they dwellde,
And har feste helde,
Wyth Artour the kyng;
As the Frensch tale teld,
Artour, wyth knyghtes beld,
At hom gan hem brynge.
Fele yer they levede yn fame,
Wyth moche gle and game,
Lybeaus and that swete thyng.
Jhesu Cryst our favyour,
And hys moder, that swete flour,
Graunte us alle good endynge. 2130

THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

ALL heo ben blythe
 That to my fong ylythe,
 A fong ychulle ou finge
 Of Allof the gode kyng.
 Kyng he wes by Weste,
 The whiles hit yleste;
 Ant Godylt his gode quene,
 Ne feyore myghte bene;
 Ant huere sone, hihte Horn,
 Feyore child ne myhte be born. 10
 For reyn ne myhte by ryne,
 Ne sonne myhte shyne
 Feyore child then he was,
 Bryht so ever eny glas;
 So whit so eny lylle flour,
 So rose red wes his colour.
 He wes feyr and eke bold,
 Ant of fyftene wynter old:

Nis non his yliche
 In none kinges ryche, 20
 Tueye feren he hadde,
 That he with him ladde,
 Alle richemenne fones,
 And alle fuythe feyre gomes,
 Wyth him forté pleye.
 Meft he lovede tueye,
 That on wes hoten Athulf chyld,
 And that other Fykenyld :
 Athulf wes the beste,
 And Fykenyld the werste, 30
 Hyt was upon a someres day,
 Also ich ou telle may,
 Allof the gode kyng
 Rode upon ys pleyyyng,
 Bi the see fide,
 Ther he was woned to ryde,
 With him ne ryde bote tuo,
 Al to fewe hue were tho.
 He fond by the ftronde
 Aryved on is londe 40
 Shipes fyftene,
 Of Sarazynes kene,

He askede whet hue sohten,
 Other on is lond brohten.
 A payen hit yherde,
 And sone him onfuerde,
 Thy lond-folk we wolleth flon,
 That ever Crist leveth on,
 And the we wolleth ryht anon,
 Shalt thou never henne gon. 50

The kyng lyhte of his stede,
 For tho he hevede nede,
 Ant his gode feren tuo,
 Mid y wis huem wes ful wo;
 Swerde hy gonne gripe,
 And togedere smyte,
 Hy smyten under shelde,
 That hy somme yfelde.

The kyng hade to fewe,
 Ayeyn so monie schrewe, 60
 So fele myhten ethe
 Bringre thre to dethe.
 The payns come to londe,
 And nomen hit an honde,
 The folk hy gonne quelle,
 And Sarazyns to felle.

Ther ne myghte libbe
 The fremede ne the fibbe
 Bote he is lawe forfoke,
 And to huere toke. 70

Of alle wymmanne
 Werst was Godyld thanne,
 For Allof hy wepeth fore,
 And for Horn yet more;
 Godild hade so mucche fore,
 That habbe myhte hue na more.
 Hue wente out of halle,
 From hire maidnes alle,
 Under a roche of ston,
 There hue wonede al one; 80
 Ther hue fervede gode,
 Ayeyn the payenes forbode;
 Ther hue fervede Crist,
 That the payenes hit nust;
 Ant ever hue bad for Horn child,
 That Crist him wrthe myld.

Horn wes in payenes hond,
 Mid is feren of the lond,
 Mucche wes the feyrhade
 That Jhesu Crist him made; 90

Payenes him wolde flo,
 And summe him wolde flo,
 Yyf Hornes feyrneffe nere
 Yflawe his children were.
 Tho spec on admyrold,
 Of wordes he wes fwythe bold:
 Horn, thou art fwythe kene,
 Bryht of hewe and shene,
 Thou art fayr and eke strong,
 And eke eveneliche long, 100
 Yef thou to lyve mote go,
 Ant thyne feren also,
 That y may byfalle,
 That ye shule slen us alle;
 Tharefore thou shalt to streme go,
 Thou ant thy feren also,
 To shipe ye shule founde,
 And sinke to the grounde,
 The see the shal adrenche,
 Ne shal hit us of thenche, 110
 For yef thou were alyve,
 With fuerd other with knyve,
 We shulden alle deye,
 Thy fader deth to beye.

The children ede to the stronde,
 Wryngynde huere honde,
 Ant into shipes borde,
 At the furste worde :
 Ofte hade Horn be wo,
 Ah never wors then him wes tho. 120

The see bygon to flowen,
 And Horn faste to rowen,
 Ant that ship wel fuythe drof,
 Ant Horn wes adred therof,
 Hue wenden mid y wisse,
 Of huere lyve to misse,
 Al the day and al the nyht,
 O that sprong the day-lyht,
 Flotterede Horn by the stronde,
 Er he feye eny londe. 130

Feren, quoth Horn the yynge,
 Y telle ou tydynge,
 Ich here foules finge,
 And se the grafes springe,
 Blythe be ye alyve,
 Ur ship is come to ryve.
 Of shipe hy gonne founde,
 And sette fot to grounde,

By the fee fyde,
Hure ship bigon to ryde. 140

Thenne spec him child Horn,

In Sudenne he was yborn:

“ Non ship by the flode

Have dayes gode;

By the fee brynke

No water the adrynke;

Softe mote thou fterye

That water the ne derye.

Yef thou comest to Sudenne,

Gret hem that me kenne; 150

Gret wel the gode

Quene Godild mi moder;

And feythene hethene kyng,

Jhesu Cristes wytherlyng;

That ich, hol and fere,

In lond aryvede here;

Ant say that he shal fonde

Then deth of myne honde.”

The ship bigon to fleoten,

And Horn child to weopen, 160

By dales and by dounes,

The children eoden to tounes,



Metten hue Eylmer the kyng,

Crist him yeve god tymyng,

Kyng of Westnesse,

Crist him myhte bleffe,

He spec to Horn child,

Wordes fuythe myld :

“ Whenne be ye, gomen,

That bueth her a londe ycomen ? 170

Alle threttene

Of bodye fuythe kene ;

By god, that me made,

So feyr a felanrade

Ne feh y never ftonde

In Westnesse londe :

Say me whet ye feche.”

Horn spec huere speche,

Horn spac for huem alle,

For so hit mošte byfalle, 180

He wes the wyfeste,

And of wytte the beste :

“ We bueth of Sudenne,

Ycome of gode kenne,

Of Cristene blode,

Of cunne fwythe gode ;



Payenes ther connen aryve,
 And Cristine brohten of lyve,
 Slown and to-drowe,
 Cristinemen ynowe; 190
 So Crist me mote rede,
 Ous hy duden lede
 In to a galeye,
 With the fee to pleye;
 Day is gon and other,
 Withoute feyl and rother,
 Ure ship flet forth ylome,
 And her to londe hit ys ycome.
 Nou thou myht us flen and bynde,
 Oure honde us bihynde; 200
 Ah yef hit is thi wille,
 Help us that we ne spylle.

Tho spac the gode kyng,
 He nes never nythyng:
 " Sey, child, whet ys thy name,
 Shal the tide bote game?
 The child him onfuerde,
 So sone he hit yherde,
 Horn ycham yhote,
 Ycome out of this bote, 210

From the fee fide;
 Kyng, wel the bitide.
 Horn child, quoth the kyng,
 Wel brouk thou thy nome yyng.
 Horn him goth so stille,
 Bi dale and bi hille,
 Horn hath londe founne
 Thurghout uch a toune,
 " So shal thi nome spryng,
 From kyng to kyng, 220
 Ant thi feirneffe
 Aboute Westneffe.
 Horn, thou art so fuete,
 Ne shal y the forlete."
 Hom rod Aylmer the kyng,
 And Horn with him his fundlyng,
 And alle his yfere,
 That him were so duere.
 The kyng com into halle,
 Among his knyhtes alle, 230
 Forth he clepeth Athelbrus,
 His stiward, and him seide thus,
 Stiward tac thou here
 My fundling for to lere

Of thine mestere,
 Of wode and of ryvere,
 Ant toggen o the harpe,
 With is nayles sharpe ;
 Ant tech him alle the listes
 That thou ever wyfles 240
 Byfore me to kerven,
 And of my coupe to ferven ;
 Ant his feren devyfe
 With ous other fervise.
 Horn child thou understond,
 Tech him of harpe and of song.

Athelbrus gon leren
 Horn, and hyfe feren,
 Horn mid herte lahte
 Al that mon him tahte. 250
 Withinne court and withoute,
 And over al aboute,
 Lovede men Horn child,
 And most him lovede Rymenyld,
 The kinges oun dohter.
 For he wes in hire thohte.
 Hue lovede him in hire mod,
 For he wes feir and eke god,

And thah hue ne dorste at bord
 Mid him speke ner a word, 260
 Ne in the halle,
 Among the knyhtes alle;
 Hyre forewe ant hire pyne
 Nolde never fyne,
 Bi daye ne by nyhte,
 For hue speke ne myhte
 With Horn that wes so feir and fre;
 Tho hue ne myhte with him be,
 In herte hue hade care and wo,
 And ther hue bithohte hire tho, 270
 Hue fende hyre fonde
 Athelbrus to honde,
 That he come hire to,
 And also shulde Horn do,
 In to hire boure,
 For hue bigon to loure :
 And the fonde fayde
 That seek wes the mayde,
 And bed him come fuythe,
 For hue nis nout blythe. 280

The stiward wes in huerte wo,
 For he nuste whet he shulde do,

What Rymenild byfohte
 Gret wonder him thohte,
 Aboute Horn the yinge
 To boure forté bringe;
 He thohte on is mode
 Hit nes for none gode,
 He tok with him an other,
 Athulf Hornes brother: 290
 Athulf, quoth he, ryht anon,
 Thou shalt with me to boure gon,
 To speke with Rymenild stille,
 To wyte hyre wille;
 Thou art Hornes yliche,
 Thou shalt hire byfnyke:
 Sore me adrede,
 That hue wole Horn mysrede.
 Athelbrus and Athulf bo
 To hire boure beth ygo, 300
 Upon Athulf childe
 Rymenild con waxe wilde;
 Hue wende Horn it were
 That hue hade there.
 Hue feten adoun stille,
 Ant feyden hure wille,

In hire armes tueye
 Athulf he con leye.
 Horn, quoth heo, wel longe
 Y have loved the stronge; 310

Thou shalt thy treuthe plyhte
 In myn hond with ryhte
 Me to spouse welde,
 And ich the loverd to helde.
 So stille so hit were
 Athulf seyde in hire eere
 Ne tel thou no more speche,
 May y the byfeche,
 Thi tale gyn thou lynne,
 For Horn nis nout her-ynne; 320

Ne be we nout yliche,
 For Horn is fayr and ryche,
 Fayrore by one ribbe
 Then ani mon that libbe;
 Thah Horn were under molde
 And other elle wher he sholde
 Hennes a thoufent milen,
 Y nulle him bigilen.

Rymenild hire bywente,
 Ant Athelbrus thus heo shente. 330

Athelbrus, thou foule thef,
 Ne wortheft thou me never lef,
 Went out of my boure,
 Shame the mote by shoure,
 Ant evel hap to underfonge,
 And evele rode on to honge,
 Ne speke y nout with Horne,
 Nis he nout fo unorne.

Tho Athelbrus astounde,
 Fel aknen to grounde : 340
 “ Ha, leuedy, myn owe,
 Me lythe a lutel throwe,
 Ant list werefore ych wonde
 To bringen Horn to honde ;
 For Horn is fayr and riche,
 Nis non his ylyche ;
 Aylmer, the gode kyng,
 Dude him me in lokyng ;
 Yif Horn the were aboute,
 Sore ich myhte doute 350
 With him thou woldest pleye,
 Bituene ou-felven tueye,
 Then shulde, with outen othe,
 The kyng us make wrothe.

Ah, foryef me thi teone,
 My leuedy, ant my quene,
 Horn y shal the fecche,
 Wham fo hit yrecche."
 Rymenild yef heo couthe
 Con lythe with hyre mouthe, 360
 Heo loh and made hire blythe,
 For wel wes hire olyve.
 Go thou, quoth heo, fone,
 And fend him after none,
 A skuyeres wyfe,
 When the king aryfe,
 He shal myd me bileve,
 That hit be ner eve,
 Have ich of him mi wille,
 Ne recchi whet men telle. 370

Athelbrus goth with alle,
 Horn he fond in halle,
 Bifore the kyng o benche,
 Wyn forté shenche.
 Horn, quoth he, thou hende,
 To boure gyn thou wende,
 To speke with Rymenild the yynge,
 Dohter oure kynge,

Wordes fuythe bolde,
 Thin herte gyn thou holde ; 380
 Horn, be thou me trewe,
 Shal the nout arewe.
 He eode forth to-ryhte,
 To Rymenild the bryhte,
 A kne wes he him fette,
 And fuetliche hire grette,
 Of ys fayre fyhte
 Al that boure gan lyhte.
 He spac faire is speche,
 Ne durth non him teche : 390
 “ Wel thou fitte and sothte,
 Rymenild kinges dohter,
 Ant thy maydnes here,
 That fitteth thyne yfere ;
 Kynges stiward oure
 Sende me to boure,
 Forté yhere, leuedy myn,
 Whet be wille thyn.”
 Rymenild up gon ftonde,
 And tok him by the honde, 400
 Heo made feyre chere,
 And tok him bi the fuere ;

Ofte heo him cufte,
 So wel hyre lufte :
 Welcome, Horn, thus fayde
 Rymenild that mayde,
 An even and a morewe
 For the ich habbe forewe,
 That y have no reſte,
 No flepe me ne lyfte ; 410
 Horn, thou ſhalt wel ſwythe
 Mi longe ſerewe lythe,
 Thou ſhalt, wythoute ſtrive,
 Habbe me to wyve ;
 Horn, have of me reuthe,
 And plyht me thi treuthe.

Horn tho him bythohte,
 Whet he ſpeken ohte :
 Criſt, quoth Horn, the wiſſe,
 And yeve the hevene bliſſe, 420
 Of thine hoſebonde,
 Who he be a londe,
 Ich am ybore thral,
 Thy fader fundlyng withal,
 Of kunde me ne felde,
 The to ſpouſe welde,

Hit nere no fair weddyng
 Bituene a thral and the kyng.
 Tho gon Rymenild mislyken,
 And fore bigon to fyken, 430
 Armes bigon unbowe,
 And doun heo fel yfwowe.
 Horn hire up hente,
 And in is armes trente,
 He gon hire to cufse,
 And feyre forté wiffe.
 Rymenild, quoth he, duere,
 Help me that ych were,
 Ydobbed to be knyhte,
 Suete, bi al thi myhte, 440
 To mi louerd the kyng,
 That he me yeve doobbyng;
 Thenne is my thralhede
 Al wend into knyhtede,
 Y shal waxe more,
 And do Rymenild thi lore.
 Tho Rymenild the yynge
 Aros of hire fwowenyng:
 “Nou, Horn, to sothe
 Yleve the by thyn othe, 450

110 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

Thou shalt be maked knyht,
 Er then this fourteniht;
 Ber thou her thes coppe,
 And thes ringes ther uppe,
 To Athelbrus the styward,
 And fay him, he holde foreward;
 Sey, ich him bifeche,
 With loveliche speche,
 That he for the falle
 To the kynges fet in halle,
 That he with is worde
 The knyhty with sworde,
 With felver and with golde,
 Hit worth him wel yyolde.
 Nou Crist him lene spede
 Thin erndyng do bede."
 Horn tok is leve,
 For hit was neh eve,
 Athelbrus he sohte,
 And tok him that he brohte,
 Ant tolde him thare,
 Hou he hede yfare;
 He feide him is nede,
 And him bihet is mede.

Athelbrus, so blythe,
 Eode into halle fwythe,
 And seide, Kyng, now leste
 O tale mid the beste.
 Thou shalt bere coroune
 To marewe in this toune, 480
 To marewe is thi feste,
 The bihoveth geste,
 Ich the rede mid al my myht,
 That thou make Horn knyht,
 Thin armes do him welde,
 God knyht he shal the yelde.
 The kyng seide wel sone,
 Hit is wel to done;
 Horn me wel quemeth,
 Knyht him wel bysemeth; 490
 He shal have mi dobbying,
 And be myn other derlyng,
 And his feren tuelle
 He shal dobbe himfelve;
 Alle y shal hem knyhte,
 Byfore me to fyhte.
 Al that the lyhte day sprong
 Aylmere thohte long;

112 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

The day bigon to sprynge,
 Horn com byfore the kyng, 500
 With his tuelf fere,
 Alle ther ywere,
 Horn knyht made he,
 With ful gret solempnitè,
 Sette him on a stede,
 Red so eny glede,
 Smot him a lute wiht,
 And bed him buen a god knyht.

Athulf vel a kne ther,
 And thonkede kyng Aylmer: 510
 “Nou is knyht fire Horn,
 That in Sudenne wes yborn,
 Lord he is of londe,
 And of us that by him stonde,
 Thin armes he haveth, and thy sheld,
 Forté fyhte in the feld,
 Let him us alle knyhte,
 So hit is his ryhte.”

Aylmer seide, Ful y wis,
 Nou do that thi wille ys. 520
 Horn adoun con lyhte,
 And made hem alle to knyhte,

For muchel wes the geste,

And more wes the feste.

That Rymenild nes nout there

Hire thohte sevé yere;

Efter Horn hue fende,

Horn into boure wende,

He nolde gon is one,

Athulf wes hys ymone. 530

Rymenild welcometh fire Horn,

And Athulf knyht him biforn;

“Knyht, nou is tymé

For to fitte by me,

Do nou that we spake,

To thi wyf thou me take;

Nou thou haft wille thyne.

Unbynd me of this pyne.”

“Rymenild, nou be stille,

I chulle don al thy wille. 540

Ah, her hit so bitide

Mid spere ichulle ryde,

Ant my knyhtod prove,

Er then ich the wowe.

We bueth nou knyhtes yonge,

Alle to day yspronge,

Ant of the mestere
 Hit is the manere
 With sum other knyhte
 For his lemmon to fythte, 550
 Er ne he eny wyf take,
 Other wyth wymmon forewart make.
 To-day, so Crist me bleffe,
 Y shal do prueffe,
 For thi love mid shelde
 Amiddewart the felde,
 Yef ich come to lyve,
 Ychul the take to wyve."
 "Knyht, y may yleve the,
 Why ant thou trewe be; 560
 Have her this gold ring,
 Hit is ful god to thi dobyng,
 Ygraved is on the ryng
 Rymenild thy luef the yynge;
 Nis non betere under sonne,
 That eny mon of conne;
 For mi love thou hit were,
 And on thy fynger thou hit bere;
 The ston haveth fuche grace
 Ne shalt thou in none place 570

Deth underfonge,
 Ne buen yflaye with wronge,
 Yef thou lokest theran,
 And thencheft o thi lemman:
 Ant fire Athulf, thi brother,
 He shal han en other.
 Horn, Crist y the byteche,
 Myd mourninde speche,
 Crist the yeve god endyng,
 And found ayeyn the brynge." 580
 The knyht hire gan to cufte,
 And Rymenild him to bleffe.
 Leve at hire he nom,
 And in to halle he com;
 Knyhtes eode to table,
 And Horn eode to stable;
 Ther he tok his gode fole,
 Blac so ever eny cole,
 With armes he him fredde,
 Ant is fole he fedde; 590
 The fole bigon to springe,
 And Horn murie to synge.
 Horn rod one whyle
 Wel more then a myle,

He feh a shyp at grounde,
 With hethene hounde,
 He askede wet hue hadden,
 Other to londe ladden.
 An hound him gan biholde,
 And speke wordes bolde : 600

" This land we wolles wynne,
 And fle that ther bueth inne."

Horn gan is fwerd gripe,
 Ant on is arm hit wpe,
 The Sarazyn he hitte so
 That is hed fel to ys to.
 Tho gonne the houndes gone
 Ayeynes Horn ys one ;
 He lokede on is rynge,
 Ant thohte o Rymenyld the yynge ; 610

He sloh ther of the beste,
 An houndred at the leste,
 Ne mihte no mon telle
 Alle that he gon quelle ;
 Of that ther were oryve
 He lasfe lut olyve,

Horn tok the maister heved
 That he him hade byreved.

Ant fette on is fuerde,
Aboven othen orde. 620

He ferde hom to halle,
Among the knyhtes alle.

Kyng, quoth he, wel thou fitte,
And thine knyhtes mitte,

To-day ich rod o my pleyying,
After my dobyng,

Y fond a ship rowen,
In the found byflowen,

Mid unlondifshe menne,
Of Sarazynes kenne, 630

To dethe forté pyne,
The and alle thyne ;

Hy gonne me afayly,
Swerd me nolde fayly,

Y smot hem alle to grounde,
In a lutel stounde ;

The heved ich the brynge
Of the maister kynge :

Nou have ich the yolde
That thou me knyhten wolde. 640

The day bigon to springe,
The kyng rod on hontynge,

To the wode wyde,
 Ant Fykenyld bi is fyde,
 That fals wes ant untrewe,
 Whosé him wel yknewe.
 Horn ne thohte nout him on,
 Ant to boure wes ygon,
 He fond Rymenild fittynde,
 And wel fore wepynde, 650
 So whyt so the sonne,
 Mid terres al byronne.
 Horn seide, Luef, thyn ore,
 Why wepest thou so fore?
 Hue seide, Ich nout ne wepe,
 Ah y shal er y slepe
 Me thohte o my metyng
 That ich rod o fysshying,
 To see my net ycaste,
 Ant wel fer hit laste, 660
 A gret fyssh at the ferste
 My net made berste,
 That fyssh me so bycahte
 That y nout ne lahte,
 Y wene y shal forleose
 The fyssh that y wolde cheose.

Crist and feint Stevenne,
 Quoth Horn, areche thy swevene.
 No shal y the byfwyke,
 Ne do that the mislyke; 670

Ich take the myn owe,
 To holde and eke to knowe,
 For everuch other wyhte
 Therto my trouthe y plyhte.
 Wel muche was the reuthe
 That wes at thilke treuthe.

Rymenild wep wel ylle,
 Ant Horn let terres stille:
 Lemmon, quoth he, dere,
 Thou shalt more yhere, 680
 Thy sweven shal wende,
 Summon us wole shende.

That fyssh that brac thy net,
 Y wys it is sumwet,
 That wol us do sum teone,
 Y wys hit worth yfene.

Aylmer rod by stoure,
 Ant Horn wes yne boure,
 Fykenyld hade envye,
 And feyde theose folye: 690

"Aylmer, ich the werne,
 Horn the wole forberne;
 Ich herde wher he seyde,
 Ant his fuerd he leyde,
 To brynge the of lyve,
 And take Rymenyld to wyve;
 He lyht nou in boure,
 Under covertoure,
 By Rymenyld thy dohter,
 Ant so he doth wel ofte; 700
 Do him out of londe,
 Er he do more shonde."

Aylmer gan hom turne,
 Wel mody, and wel sturne,
 He fond Horn under arme,
 In Rymenyldes barme.
 Go out, quoth Aylmer the kyng,
 Horn, thou foule fundlyng,
 Forth out of boures flore,
 For Rymenild, thin hore; 710
 Wend out of londe fone,
 Her naft thou nout to done.
 Wel fone bote thou flette,
 Myd fuert y shal the fette.

Horn eode to stable,
 Wel modi for that fable,
 He fette fadel on stede,
 With armes he gon him shrede,
 His brunie he con lace,
 So he shulde into place, 720
 His fuerd he gon fonge,
 Ne stod he nout to longe,
 To is fuerd he gon teon,
 Ne durste non wel him feon,
 He seide, Lemmon derlyng,
 Nou thou havest thy swevenyng,
 The fyssh that thyn net rende
 From the me he fende;
 The kyng with me gynneth strive,
 Away he wole me dryve, 730
 Tharefore have nou godneday,
 Nou y mot founde and fare away
 Into uncouthe londe,
 Wel more forté fonde,
 Y shal wonie there
 Fulle sevé yere,
 At the sevé yeres ende
 Yyf y ne come ne fende,

Tac thou hofebonde,
 For me that thou ne wondē;
 In armes thou me fonge,
 Ant cus me fwythe longe.
 Hy cuften hem aftounde,
 And Rymenild fel to grounde.

Horn toc his leve,
 He myhte nout byleve,
 He toc Athulf is fere
 Aboute the fwere,
 And feide, Knyht, fo trewe,
 Kep wel my love newe,
 Thou never ne forfoke
 Rymenild to kepe ant loke.
 His ftede he bigan ftryde,
 Ant forth he con hym ryde.
 Athulf wep with eyyen,
 Ant alle that hit yfeyyen.
 Horn forth him ferde,
 A god ship he him herde,
 That him shulde paffe
 Out of Westneffe.

The wynd bigon to ftonde,
 Ant drof hem up o londe,

To lond that hy fletten,
 Fot out of ship hy fetten.
 He fond by the weye
 Kynges fones tueye;
 That on wes hoten Athyld,
 Ant that other Beryld;
 Beryld hym con preye,
 That he shulde seye, **770**
 What he wolde there,
 Ant what ys nome were.
 Godmod, he feith, ich hote,
 Ycomen out of this bote,
 Wel fer from by Weste,
 To seche myne beste.
 Beryld con ner him ryde,
 Ant toc him bi the bride:
 " Wel be thou knyht yfounde,
 With me thou lef a stounde, **780**
 Al so ich mote sterue
 The kyng thou shalt serue;
 Ne feh y never alyve,
 So feir knyht her aryve."
 Godmod he ladde to halle,
 Ant he adoun gan falle,

Ant fette him a knelyng,
 Ant grette thene gode kyng.
 Tho faide Beryld, wel sone,
 Kyng with him thou ast done, 790

Thi lond tac him to werie,
 Ne shal the no mon derye,
 For he is the feyreste man

That ever in this londe cam.

Tho feide the kyng wel dere,

Welcome be thou here ;

Go, Beryld, wel swythe.

And make hym wel blythe,

Ant when thou farest to wowen,

Tac him thine gloven, 800

Ther thou hast munt to wyve,

Away he shal the dryve ;

For Godmodes feyrhede

Shalt thou newer spede.

Hit wes at Cristesmasse,

Nouther more ne lasse,

The kyng made feste

Of his knyhtes beste,

Ther com in at none

A geaunt suythe sone, 810

Yärmed of paynyme,
 Ant feide thise ryme :
 Site kyng bi kynge,
 Ant herkne my tidynge :
 Her bueth paynes aryve,
 Wel more then fyve,
 Her beth upon honde,
 Kyng, in thine londe,
 On therof wol fyhte
 To-yeynes thre knyhtes, 820
 Yef ure thre fleh oure on,
 We shulen of ure londe gon ;
 Yef ure on fleh oure thre,
 Al this lond shal ure be :
 To-morewe shal be the fyhtynge
 At the sone upspringe.

Tho seyde the kyng Thurston,
 Godmod shal be that on,
 Beryld shal be that other,
 The thridde Athyld is brother ; 830
 For hue bueth strongeste,
 Ant in armes the beste.
 Ah wat shal us to rede !
 Y wene we bueth dede.

Godmod fet at borde,
 Ant feide theofe wordes :
 Sire kyng, nis no ryhte
 On with thre fyhte,
 Ayeynes one hounde,
 Thre Cristene to founde ; 840
 Ah kyng, y shal alone,
 Withoute more ymone,
 With my fuerd ful ethe,
 01 Bringen hem alle to dethe.
 The kyng aros amorewe,
 He hade much forewe ;
 Godmod ros of bedde,
 With armes he him shredde ;
 His brunye he on caste,
 And knutte hit wel faste ; 850
 Ant com him to the kyng,
 At his upryfyng.
 Kyng, quoth he, com to felde,
 02 Me forté byhelde,
 Hou we shule flyten,
 Ant togedere smiten.
 Riht at prime tide,
 Hy gonnen out to ryde,

Hy founden in a grene
 A geaunt fwythe kene, 860
 His feren him bifide,
 That day forto abyde.
 Godmod hem gon afaylen.
 Nolde he nout faylen,
 He yef dundes ynowe,
 The payen fel yfwowe;
 Ys feren gonnen hem withdrawe,
 For huere maister wes neh flawe.
 He feide, Knyht, thou reſte,
 A whyle yef the leſte, 870
 Y ne hevede of monnes hond
 So harde dundes in non londe,
 Bote of the kyng Murry,
 That wes ſwithe ſturdy,
 He wes of Hornes kenne,
 Y ſloh him in Sudenne.
 Godmod him gon agryſe,
 Ant his blod aryſe,
 Byforen him he ſeh ſtonde
 That drof him out of londe, 880
 Ant fader his aquelde,
 He ſmot him under ſhelde,

He lokede on is rynge
 Ant thohte o Rymenild the yynge ;
 Mid god fuerd at the furste,
 He smot him thourh the huerte.
 The payns bigonne to fleon,
 Ant to huere shype teon,
 To ship hue wolden erne,
 Godmod hem gon werne. 890
 The kynges fones tweyne
 The paiens flowe beyne.
 Tho wes Godmod fwythe wo,
 Ant the payens he smot so,
 That, in a lutel stounde,
 The paiens hy felle to grounde.
 Godmod ant is men
 Slowe the payenes everuchen.
 His fader deth and ys lond
 Awrek Godmod with his hond. 900
 The kyng, with reuthful chere,
 Lette leggen is fones on bere,
 Ant bringen hom to halle,
 Muche forewe hue maden alle ;
 In a chirche of lym and ston
 Me buriede hem with ryche won.

The kyng lette forth calle
 Hise knyhtes alle,
 Ant seide, Godmod, yef thou nere
 Alle ded we were, 910

Thou art bothe god and feyr,
 Her y make the myn hey,
 For my fones bueth yflawe,
 Ant ybroht of lyf dawē;
 Dohter ich habbe one,
 Nys non so feyr of blod ant bone,
 Ermenild that feyre may,
 Bryht so eny someres day,
 Hire wolle ich yeve the,
 Ant her kyng shalt thou be. 920

He feyde, More ichul the serve,
 Kyng, er then thou sterue;
 When y thy dohter yerne,
 Heo ne shal me nothyng werne.

Godmod wonede there
 Fulle fix yere,
 Ant the fevethe yer bygon,
 To Rymynyld fonde ne fende he non.
 Rymenild wes in Westneffe,
 With muchel forewenesse, 930

130 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

A kyng ther wes aryve,
 Ant wolde hyre han to wyve,
 At one were the kynges
 Of that weddyng,
 The dayes were so sherte,
 Ant Rymenild ne derste
 Latten on none wyfe;
 A wryt hue dude devyse,
 Athulf hit dude wryte,
 That Horn ne lovede nout lyte. 940
 Hue fende hire sonde
 Into everuche londe,
 To sechen Horn knyhte,
 Wher so er me myhte.
 Horn therof nout herde,
 Til o day that he ferde
 To wode forté shete,
 A page he gan mete,
 Horn seide, Leve fere,
 Whet dest thou nou here? 950
 "Sire, in lutel spelle,
 Y may the sone telle;
 Ich seche, from Westnesse,
 Horn knyht of Estnesse,

For Rymenild, that feyre may,
 Soreweth for him nyht and day;
 A kyng hire shal wedde,
 A Sonneday to bedde;
 Kyng Mody of Reynis,
 That is Hornes enimis. 960
 Ich habbe walked wyde,
 By the fee fide,
 Ne mihte ich him never cleche,
 With nones kunnes speche;
 Ne may ich of him here,
 In londe fer no nere;
 Weylawey the while!
 Him may hente gyle.
 Horn hit herde with earen,
 Ant spec with wete tearen: 970
 So wel, grom, the bitide,
 Horn stond bi thi fyde;
 Ayeyn to Rymenild turne,
 And fey that hue ne murne;
 Y shal be ther bitime,
 A Sonneday er prime.
 The page wes wel blythe,
 And shipede wel fuythe;

The see him gon adrynke,
That Rymenil may of thinke, 980

The him con ded ththrowe
Under hire chambre wowe.

Rymenild lokede wide,

By the see fyde,

Yef heo feye Horn come,

Other tidynge of eny gome;

Tho fond hue hire fonde

Adronque by the ftronde,

That shulde Horn brynge,

Hire hondes gon hue wrynge. 990

Horn com to Thurston the kynge,

Ant told him thes tidynge;

Ant tho he was biknowe,

That Rymenild wes ys owe;

Ant of his gode kenne,

The kyng of Sudenne;

Ant hou he sloh afelde

Him that is fader aquelde;

Ant feide, Kyng, so wyfe,

Yeld me my service, 1000

Rymenild help me to wynne,

Swythe that thou ne blynne,

Ant y shal do to housse
 Thy dohter wel to spouse,
 For hue shal to spouse have
 Athulf my gode felawe;
 He is knyht mid the beste,
 And on of the treweste.
 The kyng seide so stille,
 Horn, do al thi wille. 1010

He fende tho by fonde,
 Yend al is londe,
 After knyhtes to fyhte,
 That were men so lyhte;
 To him come ynowe,
 That in to shipe drowe.

Horn dude him in the weye,
 In a gret galeye;
 The wynd bigon to blowe,
 In a lutel throwe; 1020
 The see bigan with ship to gon,
 To Westnesse hem brohte anon.
 Hue striken feyl of masse,
 Ant ancre gonnen caste.
 Matynes were yronge,
 And the masse yfonge,

134 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

Of Rymenild the yynge,
 Ant of Mody the kynge;
 Ant Horn wes in watere,
 Ne mihte he come no later. 1030
 He let is ship ftonde,
 Ant com him up to londe,
 His folk he made abyde
 Under a wode fyde.
 Horn eode forh al one,
 So he sprong of the fstone,
 On palmere he ymette,
 And with wordes hyne grette:
 Palmere, thou shalt me telle,
 He feyde, of thine spelle, 1040
 So brouke thou thi croune,
 Why comest thou from toune?
 Ant he feide on is tale,
 Y come from a brudale,
 From brudale wylde
 Of maide Remenylde;
 Ne mihte hue nout dreye,
 That hue ne wep with eye.
 Hue feide that hue nolde
 Be spoused with golde, 1050

Hue hade hofebonde,
 Thah he were out of londe.
 Ich wes in the halle,
 Withinne the castel-walle,
 Away y gon glide,
 The dole y nolde abyde;
 Ther worth a dole reuly,
 The brude wepeth bitterly.
 Quoth Horn, So Crist me rede,
 We wolleth chaunge wede;
 Tac thou robe myne,
 Ant ye sclaveyn thyne.
 To day y shal ther drynke
 That summe hit shal of thynke.
 Sclaveyn he gon down legge,
 And Horn hit dude on rugge,
 Ant toc Hornes clothes,
 That nout him were lothe.
 Horn toc bordoun and scrippe,
 Ant gan to wringe is lippe,
 He made foule chere,
 And bicollede is fwere;
 He com to the gateward,
 That him onfuerede froward

Horn bed undo wel softe,
 Moni tyme ant ofte,
 Ne myhte he ywinne,
 Forto come therynne.
 Horn the wyket puste,
 That hit open fluste, 1080
 The porter shulde abugge,
 He threw him adoun the brugge,
 That thre ribbes crakede.
 Horn to halle rakede,
 Ant fette him doun wel lowe,
 In the beggeres rowe.
 He lokede aboute,
 Myd is collede snoute,
 Ther seh he Rymenild fitte,
 Ase hue were out of wytte, 1090
 Wepinde fore ;
 Ah he seh no wer thore
 Athulf is gode felawe,
 That trewe wes in uch plawe.
 Athulf wes o tour ful heh,
 To loke fer and eke neh,
 After Hornes comynge,
 Yef water him wolde brynge ;

The fee he seh flowe,
 Ah Horn no wer rowe ; 1100
 He feyde on is songe,
 Horn thou art to longe ;
 Rymenild thou me bitoke,
 That ich hire shulde loke,
 Ich have yloked evere,
 And thou ne comest nevere.
 Rymenild ros of benche
 The beer al forté shenche,
 After mete in fale,
 Bothe wyn and ale ; 1110
 An horn hue ber an honde,
 For that wes lawe of londe.
 Hue dronc of the beere,
 To knyht and skyere ;
 Horn fet at grounde,
 Him thohte he wes ybounde,
 He feide, Quene, so hende,
 To me hydeward thou wende,
 Thou shench us with the vurstē,
 The beggares bueth afurstē. 1120
 Hyre horn hue leyde adoune,
 Ant fulde him of the broune,

138 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

A bolle of a galoun,
 Hue wende he were a glotoun.
 Hue feide, Tac the coppe,
 Ant drync this ber al uppe;
 Ne feh y never, y wene,
 Beggare so kene.
 Horn toc hit hife yfere,
 Ant feide, Quene, so dere, 1130
 No beer nullich ibite,
 Bote of coppe white;
 Thou wenest ich be a beggere,
 Y wis icham a fysshere,
 Wel fer come by weste,
 To feche mine beste;
 Min net lyht her wel hende,
 Withinne a wel feyr pende;
 Ich have leye there,
 Nou is this the feveth yere; 1140
 Icham icome to loke,
 Yef eny fyssh hit toke;
 Yef eny fyssh is therinne,
 Ther of thou shalt wynne;
 For icham come to fyssh,
 Drynke nully of dyssh:

Drynke to Horn of horne,
 Wel fer ich have yorne,
 Rymenild him gan bihelde,
 Hire herte fel to kelde; : 1150

Ne kneu hue noht is fysshing,
 Ne him selve nothyng:

Ah wonder hire gan thynke,
 Why for Horn he bed drynke.

Hue fulde the horn of wyne,
 Ant dronk to that pelryne.

Hue feide, Drync thi felle,
 And seththen thou me telle,

Yef thou Horn ever seye,
 Under wode-leye. 1160

Horn dronc of horn astounde,
 Ant threu is ryng to grounde,

Ant feide, Quene, thou thench
 What y threu in the drench.

The quene eode to boure,
 Mid hire maidnes foure,

Hue fond that hue wolde,
 The ryng ygraved of golde,

That Horn of hire hedde,
 Fol fore hyre adredde 1170

140 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

That Horn ded were,
 For his ryng was there.
 Tho sende hue a damoisele,
 After thilke palmere :
 Palmere, quoth hue, so trewe,
 The ryng that thou yn threwe,
 Thou sey wer thou hit nome,
 Ant hyder hou thou come.
 He seyde, By seint Gyle,
 Ich eode mony a myle,
 Wel fer yent by weste,
 To seche myne beste ;
 Mi mete forté bydde,
 For so me tho bitidde,
 Ich fond Horn knyht stonde
 To shipeward at stronde,
 He seide he wolde gesse
 To aryve at Westnesse ;
 The ship nom into flode
 With me and Horn the gode ;
 Horn bygan be sek and deye,
 And for his love me preye
 To gon with the ryng,
 To Rymenild the yynge,

Wel ofte he hyne keste,
 Crist yeve is foule reste!
 Rymenild seide at the firste,
 Herte nou to berste!
 Horn worth be no more,
 That haveth the pyned fore. 1200
 Hue fel adoun a bedde,
 Ant after knyves gredde,
 To slein mide hire kyng Lothe,
 And hire selve bothe,
 Withinne thilke nyhte,
 Come yef Horn ne myhte.
 To herte knyf hue fette,
 Horn in is armes hire kepte,
 His shurte-lappe he gan take,
 And wypede away the foule blake 1210
 That wes upon his fuere;
 Ant seide, Luef so dere,
 Ne const thou me yknowe?
 Ne am ich Horn thyn owe?
 Ich Horn of Westnesse,
 In armes thou me kesse.
 Yclupten and kyfte
 So longe so hem lyfte.

142 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

Rymenild, quoth he, ich wende
 Doun to the wodes ende, 1220
 For ther bueth myne knyhte,
 Worthi men and lyhte,
 Armed under clothe ;
 Hue shule make wrothe,
 The kyng and hise gestes,
 That bueth at thise festes,
 To-day ychulle huem cacche,
 Nou ichulle huem vacche.

Horn sprong out of halle,
 Ys brunie he let falle ; 1230
 Rymenild eode of boure,
 Athulf hue fond loure :
 “ Athulf, be wel blythe,
 Ant to Horn go fwythe,
 He is under wode-bowe,
 With felawes ynowe.”
 Athulf gon forth springe,
 For that ilke tydyng,
 Efter Horn he ernde,
 Him thohte is herte bernde, 1240
 He oftok him, y wisse,
 And cufte him with blyffe.

THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN. 143

Horn tok is preye,
 Ant dude him in the weye,
 Hue comen in wel sone,
 The yates weren undone,
 Yärmed fuithe thicke,
 From fote to the nycke.
 Alle that ther evere weren,
 Withoute is trewe feren, 1250
 Ant the kyng Aylmare,
 Y wis he hade mucche care,
 Monie that ther sete,
 Hure lyf hy gonne lete.
 Horn understondyng ne hede
 Of Fykeles falsede,
 Hue suoren alle, ant feyde,
 That hure non him wreyede,
 Ant suore othes holde,
 That huere non ne sholde 1260
 Horn never bytreye,
 Thah he on dethe leye.
 Ther hy ronge the belle,
 That wedlak to fulfulle,
 Hue wenden hom with eyfe,
 To the kynges paleyse,

144 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

Ther wes the brudale fuede,
 For richemen ther ete;
 Telle ne mihte no tonge
 The gle that ther was songe. 1270

Horn fet in chayere,
 And bed hem alle yhere:
 He feyde, Kyng of londe,
 Mi tale thou understonde:
 Ich wes ybore in Sudenne,
 Kyng wes mi fader of kenne;
 Thou me to knyhte hove,
 Of knyththod hadde y prove;
 Thou dryve me out of thi lond,
 And seydest ich wes traytour strong; 1280
 Thou wendest that ich wrohte
 That y ner ne thohte,
 By Rymenild forté lygge,
 Y wys ich hit withfugge,
 Ne shal ich hit ner agynne
 Er ich Sudenne wyne;
 Thou kep hyre me astounde,
 The while that ich founde
 Into myn heritage,
 With this Yrisshe page, 1290

That lond ichulle thorhrece,
 And do mi fader wreche ;
 Ychul be kyng of toune,
 And lerne kynges rounne :
 Then shal Rymenild the yinge
 Ligge by Horn the kyng.

Horn gan to shipe drawe,
 With hyse Yrisshe felawe,
 Athulf with him his brother,
 He nolde habbe non other. 1300

The ship bygan to cronde,
 The wynd blew wel londe,
 Withinne dawes fyve,
 The ship bigan aryve,
 Under Sudennes side,
 Huere ship by gon to ryde.
 Aboute the midnyhte
 Horn eode wel rihte,
 He nom Athulf by honde,
 And ede up to londe ; 1310

Hue fonden under shelde
 A knyht liggunde on felde,
 O the shelde wes ydrawe,
 A croyz of Jhesu Cristes lawe,

The knyht him lay on flape,
 In armes wel yshape.
 Horn him gan ytake,
 And feide, Knyht, awake ;
 Thou sei me whet thou kepest,
 And here whi thou slepest ; 1320
 Me thinkes by crois lifte,
 That thou levest on Criste,
 Bote thou hit wolle shewe,
 My fuerd shal the to hewe.
 The gode knyht up aros,
 Of Hornes wordes him agros :
 He feide ich fervy ille,
 Paynes to-yeynes mi wille :
 Ich wes Cristene sum while,
 Ycome into this yle, 1330
 Sarazynes lothe and blake,
 Me made Jhesu forfake,
 To loke this pasfage,
 For Horn that is of age,
 That woneth her by-weste,
 God knyht mid the beste,
 Hue flowe mid huere honde
 The kyng of thisse londe,

Ant with him mony honder,
 Therefore me thuncheth wonder 1340
 That he ne cometh to fyhte,
 God yeve him the myhte
 That wynd him hider dryve,
 To don hem alle of lyve,
 And flowen kyng Mury,
 Horn es com es mon hardy.
 Horn of lond hue fenten,
 Tuelf children with him wenten,
 With hem wes Athulf the gode,
 Mi child, my oun fode. 1350
 Yef Horn is hol ant founde,
 Athulf tit no wounde,
 He lovede Horn with mihte,
 And he him with ryhte;
 Yef y myhte se hem tueye,
 Thenne ne noht i forté deye.
 “Knyht, be thenne blythe,
 Mest of alle fythe,
 Athulf and Horn is fere,
 Both we beth here. 1360
 The knyht to Horn gan skippe,
 And in his armes clippe

Much joye hue maden yfere,
 Tho hue to gedere ycome were.
 He saide, with stevene thare,
 Yungemen, hou hadde ye yore yfare?
 Wolle ye this lond wyne,
 And wonie therynne?
 He seide, Suede Horn child,
 Yet lyveth thy moder Godyld? 1370
 Of iore hue ne misse
 Olyve yef hue the wisse.
 Horn seide, on is ryme,
 Ybleffed be the time,
 Icham icome into Sudenne,
 With fele Yrisshe menne,
 We shule the houndes kecche,
 And to the deye vecche;
 Ant so we shulen hem teche
 To speken oure speche. 1380

Horn gan is horn blowe,
 Is folk hit con yknowe,
 Hue comen out of hurne,
 To Horn fwythe yurne;
 Hue smiten, and hue fyhten,
 The niht and eke the ohtoun;

THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN. 149

'The Sarazyns hue flowe,
Ant summe quike to drowe,
Mid speres ord hue stonge,
De the olde and eke the yonge. 1390

Horn lette sone wurche,
Bothe chapel and chyrche;
He made belle rynges,
Ant prestes masse synges;
He sohte is moder halle,
In the roche walle;
He cushte hire ant grette,
Ant into the castel fette
Croune he gan werie,
Ant make feste merye, 1400
Murie he ther wrohte,
Ah Rymenild hit abohte.

The whiles Horn wes oute
Fikenild ferde aboute,
The betere forté spede,
The riche he yef mede,
Bothe yonge ant olde,
With him forté holde;
Ston he dude lade,
Ant lym therto he made, 1410

150 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

Castel he made fette,
 With waterre by flette,
 That theryn come ne myhte,
 Bote foul with flyhte,
 Bote when the see withdrowe
 Ther mihte come ynowe.
 Ther Fykenild gon by wende,
 Rymenild forté shende;
 To wyve he gan hire yerne,
 The kyng ne durst him werne, 1420
 Ant habbeth fet the day
 Fykenild to wedde the may;
 Wo was Rymenild of mode,
 Terres hue wepte of blode.
 Thilke nyhte Horn fuete
 Con wel harde mete
 Of Rymenild his make,
 That into shipe wes take,
 The ship gon overblenche
 Is lemmon shulde adrenche. 1430
 Rymenild mid hire honde
 Swymme wolde to londe,
 Fykenild ayeyn hire pylte,
 Mid his fuerdes hylte.

Horn awek in is bed,
 Of his lemmon he wes adred ;
 Athulf, he feide, felawe,
 To shipe nou we drawe ;
 Fykenild me hath gon under,
 Ant do Rymenild sum wonder. 1440
 Crist, for his wondes fyve,
 To nyhte thider us dryve !

Horn gone to shipe ride,
 His knyhtes bi his fide,
 The ship bigon to sture,
 With wynd god of cure,
 Ant Fykenild, her the day springe,
 Seide to the kynge,
 After Rymenild the brhyte,
 Ant spoufede hyre by nyhte, 1450
 He ladde hire by derke.
 Into is newe werke,
 The feste hue bigonne
 Er then aryse the sonne.
 Hornes ship at stod in stoure,
 Under Fykenildes boure,
 Nuste Horn alyve
 Wher he wes aryve,

Thene castel hue ne knewe,
 For he was so newe. 1460

The fee bigon to withdrawe,
 Tho feh Horns his felawe,
 The feyre knyht Arnoldyn,
 That wes Athulfes cosyn,
 That ther fet in that tyde
 Kyng Horn to abyde.

He seide, Kyng Horn, kyngesfone,
 Hider thou art welcome,
 To-day hath fire Fykenild
 Yweddeth thi wif Rymenild, 1470

White the non this while,
 He haveth do the gyle;

This tour he dude make,

Al for Rymenildes sake;

Ne may ther comen ynne

No mon with na gynne.

Horn, nou Crist the wisse,

Rymenild that thou ne misse!

Horn couthe alle the listes

That eni mon of wiste. 1480

Harpe he gon shewe,

Ant tot him to felawe,

Knyhtes of the beste
 That he ever hede of weste,
 Onen o the sherte,
 Hue gурden huem with fuerde,
 Hue eoden on the gravele
 Towart the castele,
 Hue гonne murie finge,
 And makeden huere gleynge ; 1490
 That Fykenild mihte y-here,
 He axede who hit were.
 Men feide hit were harperis,
 Jogelers, ant fythelers.
 Hem ne dude in lete,
 At halle dore hue fete.
 Horn sette him abenche,
 Is harpe he gan clenche ;
 He made Rymenild a lay,
 Ant hue feide weylaway ! 1500
 Rymenild fel yfwowe,
 Tho nes ther non that lowe,
 Hit smot Horn to herte,
 Sore con him smerte.
 He lokede on is rynge,
 Ant o Rymenild the yynge,

154 THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

He eode up to borde,
 Mid his god fuorde;
 Fykenildes croune
 He fel ther adoune, 1510
 Ant alle is menne arowe,
 He dude odoun throwe,
 Ant made Arnoldyn kyng there,
 After kyng Aylmere,
 To be kyng of Westneffe,
 For his mildneffe;
 The kyng ant is baronage
 Yeven him truage.

Horn toc Rymenild by honde,
 Ant ladde hire to ftronde, 1520
 Ant toc with him Athelbrus,
 The gode stiward of hire fader hous.
 The fee bigan to flowen,
 Ant hy faste to rowen,
 Hue aryveden under reme
 In a wel feyr streme;
 Kyng Mody wes kyng in that lond,
 That Horn sloh with is hond,
 Athelbrus he made ther kyng,
 For his gode techyng, 1530

For fire Hornes lore
 He wes mad kyng thore.
 Horn eode to ryve,
 The wynd him con wel dryve,
 He aryvede in Yrlonde,
 Ther Horn wo couthe er fonde;
 He made ther Athulf chyld
 Wedde mayden Ermenyld;
 Ant Horn com to Sudenne,
 To is oune kenne; 1540
 Rymenild he made ther is quene,
 So hit myhte bene.
 In trewe love hue lyveden ay,
 Ant wel hue loveden godes lay:
 Nou hue beoth bothe dede,
 Crist to heovene us leode!

THE KYNG OF TARS;

AND

THE SOUDAN OF DAMMAS.

HERKNETH now, bothe olde and yyng,

For Maries love, that swete thyng,

How a werre bigan

Bitwene a god Cristene kyng,

And an hethene heyhe lordyng

Of Damas the soudan.

The kyng of Taars hedde a wyf,

The feireste that mighte bere lyf,

That eny mon telle can ;

A doughter thei hadde hem bitween,

10

That heore rihte heir scholde ben,

White so fether of swan.

Chaaft heo was and feir of chere,
With rode red fo blofme on brere,
Eyyen ftepe and graye,
With lowe fchuldres, and whyte fwere,
Hire to feo was gret preyere
Of princes pert in play.
The word of hire fprong ful wyde
Feor and ner, bi uche a fyde, 20

The foudan herde fay,
Him thoughte his herte wolde breke on five
Bot he mihte have hire to wyve,
That was fo feir a may.

The foudan ther he fat in halle,
He fente his mesfagers fafte withalle
To hire fader the kyng,
And feide hou fo hit ever bifalle,
That maide he wolde clothe in palle,
And fpoufen hire with his ryng: 30
“ And elles i fwere, withouten fayle,
I fchul hire winnen in pleyn batayle,
With mony an heih lordyng.”
The mesfagers ben forth iwent,
To don heor lordes comaundement,
Withouten eny dwellyng.

Whon the kyng this understood,
For wraththe neih he waxeth wood,
And feyde al in his fawe,
Be hym that dyed on the rod, 40
Rather wolde i spille my blod,
And in batayle ben flawe;
And al the lond that is myn,
Ar heo fcholde wedde a Sarazyn,
The devel him er to drawe;
But heo wolle bi hire goode wille
Wend to him hireself to spille,
Hire thoughtes nouht i knawe.

That schul ye witen ar ye pafe.
His doughter com forth in that place, 50
Tofore hire fader blyve.
Doughter, he feide, the foudan of Damas
Defyreth for to seo thi fas,
And have the to wyve.
Doughter wost thou for eny trefour
Forfake Crist ur faveour,
That soffrede woundes fyve?
The mayde onswerde, with mylde mood,
To hire fader ther he stod,
Nay, lord, so mot i thryve. 60

Jhesu, that dyyed on the treo,

Let me nevere that day ifee

A tiraunt for to take.

For Marie love that mayden freo,

O god and perfonen threo,

Arst yif him wan and wrake.

Doughtur, he feide, beo now stille,

Thow schalt never be weddet him tille

For boft that he con make ;

I schal him seende fuch wordes to feyn, 70

That al his thought schal torne to veyn,

For thou haft him forfake.

Bi theos fame mesfagers,

That cometh from the foudan fers.

Theos wordes to him he fent :

Heo nolde not leeven on his maneers,

To god heo made hire preyers,

That lord omnipotent ;

And bad him take another thought,

For hire ne scholde he wedde nouht, 80

For gold, felwer, ne rent.

Whon the mesfagers this herde feyn

Soone thei tornede hem ayeyn,

And to the foudan went.

The Soudan fat at his des,
Iserved of his furste mes,

Thei comen in to the halle,
Tofore the prince proud in pres,
Heore tale thei tolden withouten lees,

And on heore knees gunne falle : 90
And seide, Sire, the kyng of Tars
Of wikked wordes nis not scars,

Hethene hound he doth the calle,
And er his doughter be yive the tille,
Thyn herte blod he wol spille,
And thi barouns alle.

Whon the soudan this iherde
As a wod mon he ferde,

His robe he rente adoun,
He tar the her of hed and berd, 100
And seide he wolde hir wive with fwerd,

Beo his lord feynt Mahoun.
The table adoun riht he smot
In to the flore foot hot,

He lokede as a wylde lyon ;
Al that he hitte he smot doun riht,
Bothe fergaunt and kniht,
Erl and eke baroun.

So he ferde forsothe a pliht

Al a day and al a niht, 110

That no mon mihti hym chaste ;

A morwen, whon hit was day-liht,

He sent his mesfagers ful riht

After his barouns in haste :

[That thai com to his parlement,

For to heren his jugement,

Bothe left and mast ;

When the parlement was pleyner,

Tho bispac the foudan fer,

And feyd to hem in hast :] 120

Lordynges, he seith, what to rede ?

Me is don a gret misdede,

Of Taars the Cristene kyng ;

I bed hem bothe lond and lede,

To have his douhter in worthli wede,

And spouse hire with my ryng :

And he seide, withouten fayle,

Arst he wolde me sle in batayle,

And mony a gret lordyng ;

Ac fertes he schal be forswore, 130

Or to wrothe hele that he was bore,

Bote he hit ther to bring.

Therefore, lordinges, i have after ow sent,
For to come to my parliment,
To wite of yow counsayle;
And alle onfwerde, with good entent,
Thei wolde be at his comaundement
Withouten eny fayle.

And, whon thei were alle at his heste,
The foudan made a wel gret feste, 140
For love of his batayle;
The foudan gederet an oft unryde,
With Sarazins of muchel pryde,
The kyng of Tars to asfayle.

Whon the kyng hit herde that tyde
He fente aboute on uche a fyde
Alle that he mihte of seende;
Gret werre tho bigon to wrake,
For the mariage ne moſte be take
Of that mayden heende. 150
Batayle thei fette uppon a day,
Withinne the thridde day of May,
No lengor nolde thei leende;
The foudan com with gret power,
With helm briht, and feir baneer,
Uppon that kyng to wende.

The foudan ladde an huge oft,
And com with mucche pruyde and boft,
With the kyng of Tars to fihte ;
With hym mony a Sarazin feer, 160
Alle the feldes feor and neer
Of helmes leomede lihte.
The kyng of Tars com also,
The foudan batayle for to do,
With mony a Cristene kniht ;
Eyther oft gon othur asfayle,
Ther bigon a strong batayle,
That grislych was of fiht.

Threo hethene ayein twey Cristene men,
And falde hem doun in the fen, 170
With wepnes stif and goode ;
The steorne Sarazins, in that fiht,
Slowe ur Cristene men doun riht,
Thei fouhte as heo weore woode.
The foudan oft in that stounde
Feolde the Cristene to the grounde,
Mony a freoly foode ;
The Sarazins withouten fayle
The Cristene culde in that batayle,
Nas non that hem withstode. 180

Whon the kyng of 'Tars sauh that siht,

Wodde he was for wraththe apliht,

In hond he hent a spere,

And to the foudan he rod ful riht,

With a dunt of mucche miht,

Adoun he gon him bere.

The foudan neigh he hedde islawe,

But thritti thoufent of hethene lawe,

Coomen him for to were,

And broughten him ayeyn uppon his steede, 190

And holpe him wel in that nede,

That no mon mihte him dere.

Whon he was brouht uppon his stede,

He sprong as sparkle doth of glede,

For wraththe and for envye;

Alle that he hutte he made hem blede,

He ferde as he wolde a wede,

Mahoun, help ! he gan crye.

Mony an helm ther was unweved,

And mony a bacinet to-cleved, 200

And fadeles mony emptye;

Men mihte se uppon the feld

Moni a kniht ded under scheld,

Of the Cristene cumpaignye.

Whon the king of Tars faugh hem fo ryde,
No lengor there he nolde abyde,
Bote fleyh to his ounge citè ;

The Sarazins that ilke tyde
Slough adoun bi uche a fyde
Ur Cristene folk so fre. 210

The Sarazins that tyme faunz fayle
Slowe ur Cristene in batayle,
That reuthe hit was to fe ;
And on the morwe for heore sake
Truwes thei gunne togidere take,
A moneth and dayes thre.

As the king of Tars sat in his halle,
He made ful gret deol withalle,

For the folk that he hedde ilore ;
His douhter com in riche palle, 220
On kneos heo gon biforen him falle,

And feide with fyking fore :
Fader, heo feide, let me beo his wyf,
That ther be no more strif

Then hath ben her bifore ;
For me hath be much folk fchent.
Slawen and morthred, and to-rent
Allas, that i was bore !

Fader, ichulle him serve at wille,
Erli and late, loude and stille, 230

And leeven on god almiht;
Bote hit be so he wol the spille,
And al thi londes take hym tille,
In batayle and in fiht.

Certes, i nul no lengor drye
That Cristene men schul for me dye,
Thorw grace of god almiht;
Then was the kyng of Tars ful wo
Anon he onswerde tho
To his douhter briht. 240

Douhter, he feide, blessed thou be
Of god that sit in trinite
The tyme that thou were bore,
That thou wolt save thi moder and me
Thi preyere now i graunte the
Of that thou bede before.

Fader, heo feide, *pur charite*,
And for Crist in trinite,

Blyve that ich weore thore,
Ar eny more ferwe arere, 250
That ye ne my moder dere
For me beo nought forlore.

The kyng tho, with good entent,
In to his chaumbre hath ifent

Aftur his qween fo hende,
Whon heo was comen in present,
Dame, he feide, ur doughter hath ment

To the foudan for to weende.

Dame, he feid, counfeyle me,
Her beoth no mo bote we thre 260

Icomen of Cristene kende.

The qween onfwerde, withouten fayle,
Therto fchal i nevere counfayle

Ure douhter for to fchende.

Thenne was the doughter wo,
Merci heo criyede hire moder tho,

With a reuthful ftevene :

“ Moder, hit nis not longe a gon
That ther wer for me flon

Threo thoufent men and fevene ; 270

And certes i nul no lengor drye
That Cristen men fchul for me dye,

Thorwgh grace of god in hevene.”

Weore thei wel, weore thei wrothe,
The doughter dude overcome hem bothe

Beo riht refon and evene.

Whon thei weoren thus aton

Mesfageres he fente anon

To the proude foudan,

To make frendes that weore fon, 280

No mo folk thei wolde flon,

His doughter he graunted him than.

Whon the mesfagers thus herde feyn

Smartliche thei tornede ayeyn,

To the foudan swart and wan ;

Whon he herde heore lettres rade

Then was he bothe blithe and glad,

And murie as eny man.

And feide, Ichul ben at his wille,

Erly and late, loude and stille, 290

And help him at his neode ;

No mo folk nul i now spille :

The kyng anon he fende tille

And thonkede him of that dede.

The kyng and qwene in chaumbre were tho,

In care and ferwe and muche wo,

In stori as we rede ;

Wel hem was withoute les

That the foudan wolde make pes

With Cristen felaurede. 300

This fel in mid-fomer tyde
The foudan nolde no lengor byde,
To the kyng of Tars he sent,
With Sarazins, and with muche pryde,
With mony a juwel, is nought to huyde,
To make him a present.
Forth thei went that ilke tyde,
To the kyng of Tars thei gan ryde,
That was bothe freo and gent;
Thei welcomed the mesfagere, 310
Of gret reuthe ye may here,
Whon thei to chaumbre went.

In chaumbre kyng and qwene was tho,
In ferwe and care and muche wo,
For heore doughter hende;
Heor doughter com bifore hem go,
And bad hem bi hire counseil do,
To save Cristene kende.
The doughter ther with wordes stille
Brought hem bothe in beter wille, 320
And in to halle gunne wende,
And welcomede the mesfagers,
That come fro the foudan fers,
With wordes feire and hende.

Then seide the qwene after than,

Hou fareth yor lord the foudan,

That is so noble a kniht?

The mesfagers onswere gan,

He fareth as wel as eny man,

And is yor frend apliht.

330

The qween onswerde, with mylde mod,

To the mesfagers ther thei stod,

And swor thenne anon riht,

Ich fouchesaf on him my blod,

To him heo nis not to good,

Thaugh heo weore ten so briht.

The mesfagers weore glad and blythe,

With knihtes fele and stedes stythe

Thei brouhte hire to chare;

The kyng and qwen weoren unblithe,

340

Heore forwe couthe no mon kithe,

To feon hire from hem fare.

Thei seye hit mihte non other go

The kyng and the qwene also

Thei cufte heore douhter thare,

Bi taughten hire god for evermo :

Hem self ayeyn thei tornede tho,

Of blisse thei weore al bare.

Nou lete we of that mournyng,
And speke we of that maiden ying, 350

To the foudan heo is ifare ;
He com with mony an heigh lordyng
For to welcome that fwete thing
Ther heo com in hire chare.
He cufte hire wel mony a fithe,
His joye couthe no mon kithe,
Awei was al hire care ;
In to chaumbre heo was led,
With riche clothes heo was clede,
Hethene as thaugh heo ware. 360

The foudan ther he fat in halle,
He comaundede his knihtes alle
That maiden for to fette ;
In cloth of riche purpel palle,
And on hire hed a comeli calle,
Bi the foudan heo was fette.
Unfemely was hit for to fe
Heo that was so briht of ble
To habbe so foul a mette,
Thaugh heo made merthe and solas, 370
The ferwe at hire herte was,
Ne mihte no mon hit lette.

Whon hit com to the niht,
Leve heo tok that buirde briht,
 To chaumbre for to wende,
With hire wente moni an hethen kniht,
A riche bed ther was idiht
 For that maiden hende.
Whon hit was al redi wrought,
The foudan nolde therin come nouht, 380
For so ne for frende ;
But he mihte make that may
To leeven uppon his false lay,
 That com of Cristene kende.

Ful loth were a Cristene mon
To ligge bi an hethene wommon,
 That leevede on false lawe,
And as loth was thulke foudan
Thulke maiden for to tan,
 As ich fynde in my sawe. 390
The foudan went to bedde al prest,
Knihtes and ladyes token heore rest,
 Folk heo gonne withdrawe ;
The mayden no thing ne slepe,
But al niht lay and wepe
 Forté that day gon dawe.

And as heo fel a flepe thore
Hir thoughte ther stod hire bifore
 An hundred houndes blake,
And boʀken on hire lasse and more, 400
On ther was that greved hire fore,
 Awei he wolde hire take.
Ac heo ne durste him not smyte,
For drede leste he wolde hire byte,
 Such maystries he gon make;
And as heo wolde awei fle,
Hir thoughte ther stode develes thre,
 Al brennyng as a drake.

So gryslich thei were wrought,
Uche of hem a fwerd brought, 410
 And mad hire afert so fore;
On Jhesu Crist was al hire thouht,
Therefore thei mihte hire harme nouht,
 Nouthur lasse ne more.
Fro the fendes heo was delyvered found,
But atte laste ther com an hound,
 With brode brouwes and hore,
Almost he hedde hire adoun,
But, thorw Cristes passioun,
 Heo was isaved thore. 420

Yit thouhte hire more, withoute lesyng,
As heo lay in hire swevenyng,
 Selcouth hit is to rede,
The blake hound, that hire was folewyng,
Thorw the miht of hevene kyng,
 To hire spac in monhede,
In whit ermure as a kniht,
And seide to hire, My swete wight,
 Ne dar the no thing drede
Of Tirmagaunt ne of Mahoun, 430
The lord that soffrede passioun
 The schal helpe at nede.

Whon the mayde was awaked
Hire flesch i wis was al aquaked
 For drede of hire swevenynge,
On hire bed heo sat al naked,
To Jhesu Crist hire mone heo maked,
 Al mihtful hevene kynge,
As wis as he hire deore bouhte
That hire sweuene that heo thouhte 440
 Scholde torne to good endynge.
Whon the maiden aryfen was,
A non the foudan of Damas,
 In to his temple he let hire bringe

And feide to that feire may,
Thou most leeven uppon my lay,
And knele her adoun,
Forfake thou most thi false lay,
That thou hast leved on mony a day,
And leeven on fire Mahoun. 450

Certes, but thou wolt do so,
Thie fader and moder ichulle flo,
Bi Jovin and Plotoun ;
Bi Mahoun, and bi Tirmagaunt,
No mon schal be heore waraunt,
Emperour ne kyng with croun.

The mayden onswerde, with glad chere,
To the foudan as ye may heere,
Sire, i nul the no thing greve,
Tel me which is youre maneere, 450
So schal i make my preyere,
And on yor goddes leeve.
To Tirmagaunt ichul me take,
And Jhesu Crist ichul forfake,
That made Adam and Eve,
And serve the, fire, at thi wille,
Erli and late, loud and stille,
A morwe and eke an eye.

Then was the foudan glad and blithe,
Mahoun he thonkede feole fithe 470

That heo was so biknowe;
His joyes couthe no mon kithe,
He bad hire go about fwithre,
And cufte his goddes arowe.

Furst he cufte Appolin,
Astrot, and fire Jovin,
For drede of worldes awe;
In the temple whil heo was ther
Of Mahoun and Jubiter
Ther heo lernde the lawe. 480

Whon that heo hire lawes couthe
Heo seide hem openly with mouthe,
Ac Crist foryat he nouht;
Wher heo weore bi north or southe
Nas munstral non with harpe ne crouthe
That ones mihte chaunge hire thought.
Evere wende the foudan niht and day,
Heo hedde ileeved on his lay,
And yit he was bicaucht;
Whon heo was hire self alone 490
To Jhesu Crist heo made hire mone
That al this world hath wrought.

The foudan for hire love that tyde
Let criye on his lond bi uch a fyde
A turnament to take ;
The strengest that mihte on hors ryde,
He dubbede hem with muche pryde,
And knihtes he let hem make.
Trompors gunne heore bemes blowe,
The knihtes riden out on a rowe, 500
On stedes white and blake ;
Anon riht also fwithe,
Stronge men gon maystries kithe
For that maidenenes fake.

The mayden and the foudan,
In a tour thei leyen than,
The turnament to biholde ;
When the turnament bigon
Ther was semblet mony a mon,
Of Sarazins stout and bolde. 510
Heo leyden on as heo weore wode,
With fwerdes and with maces goode,
Knihtes yonge and olde ;
So thei foughte with egre mood,
Of heore bodies ran the blod,
In tale as hit is tolde.

Mony an helm ther was unweved,
And bacinettes al to dreved,
And knihtes icaft to grounde;
And summe pleyed of the heved, 520
And summe heore scolles icleved,
With ferwe thei weore unfounde.
So lafte the turnement apliht,
Fro the morwe to the niht,
Ther yeven was moni a wounde :
A morwe the foudan wedded that may
In the maner of his lay,
In ftori as hit is founde.

The foudan and that ladi fre,
Thei weore togeder but monethes thre, 530
That heo ne was grete with childe ;
Heo gon to chaunge al hire bleo,
The foudan felf hit gon ifeo,
Joly he wax and wylde.
Then was the ladi fwithe wo,
Jhefu heo bifoughte tho
From fchome he fcholde hire fchilde ;
And bi the fourti wikes ende,
Heo was delyvered out of beende,
Thorw help of Marie mylde. 540

And whon the child was ibore
Wo was the midwyf therfore,
For lymes hedde hit non ;
But as a roonde of flesche icore
In chaumbre lay hire bifore,
Withouten blod or bon.
The ladi was wo as heo wolde dye,
Hit hedde nouthur neofe nor eiye,
But lay stille as a ston ;
The foudan com that ilke tyde, 550
And with his wyf he gon to chyde,
That wo was hire bigon.

“ Sertes dame, i sei the bifore,
Ayeyn my goddes thou art forswore,
Bi riht refon i preve ;
Therefore this child that is ibore,
Lyf and lyme hit is forlore,
Thorw thi false byleeve.
Thou leevest not riht a fyn
On Astrot ne on Jovyn, 560
On morwe ne on eve ;
On Mahoun ne on Tirmagaunt,
Therefore iloren is this luytel faunt,
No wonder thaugh me greve.”

Then the ladi was ful wo,
Anon onswerde the foudan tho,
Sire, let be thi thouht;
The child that we have togedere two,
For thi bileeve hit fareth fo,
Bi him that me hath wrouht. 570
Tak hit up wel fone anon,
And to yor temple therwith ye gon,
And loke ye lette hit nouht;
And preye thi goddes alle ifeere,
As thow art hem bothe lef and dere,
To lyve that hit beo brouht.

And yif Mahoun and Jovin con
Make hit iformed aftur mon,
With lyf and lymes ariht;
Be him that al this world wan, 580
Ichul bileeve upon hem than
That thei beoth muchel of miht;
And but thei hit conne to lyve bringe,
On hem byleeve i nul no thinge,
Nouthur bi day nor niht,
The child he tok up anon,
In to his temple he con gon
Bifore his goðes hit diht.

Uppon his auter he con hit leyn,
And heold up his hondes tweyn, 590

The mountaunce of fyve myle :
A, mihtful Mahoun, he gan fayn,
And Tirmagaunt so ful of mayn,
In yow nas never gyle ;
Astrot and fire Jovin,
Tirmagaunt and Appolin,

Now help in this peryle !
Ofte he cryede, and ofte he ros,
So longe that he wox al hos,
And al he losse his while. 600

Whon he hedde altogedere ipreyd,
And al that evere he couthe ifeyd,
Hit lay as stille as ston ;
He sturte him up in a breyd,
In his herte fore atrayyed,
For boote com ther non.

Uppon his child he gan to calle,
Ne holpe him nought his goddes alle,

Wel wo was him bigon ;
On Tirmagaunt he gon to grede, 610
“ On yow nas never help at nede,
Fy on ow everichon !”

He hente a staf with herte grete,
And al his goddes he gan to bete,
And drouh hem alle adoun,
And leyde on til that he con swete,
With sterne ftrokes and with grete,
On Jovyn and Plotoun;
On Astrot and fire Jovin,
On Tirmagaunt and Appolin, 630
He brak hem scolle and croun;
On Tirmagaunt, that was heore brother,
He lasfe no lyme hole with other,
Ne on his lord feynt Mahoun.

Whon thei weore bete ful good won,
The child lay stille as eny fton
Uppon his auteere;
The child he tok up fone anon,
In to his chaumbre he gan gon,
And feide, Dame, have hit here: 640
Ichave i don al that i con
To don hit formen after mon,
With beodes and with preyere;
To alle my goddes ich have bifouht,
Non of hem con helpe hit nouht;
The devel fet hem on fuyre!

Then onswerde that gode womman,
To hire lord the foudan,
 Sire, ich the bifeche
The beste red that ich con, 650
Be him that this world won,
 To don as i the teche.
Thou haft asfayed goddes thyn,
Wolte that ich asaye myn,
 Whether be better leche ?
And leove, fire, trouwe on this,
And leef on hym that strengor is,
 For doute of more wrecche.

Then onswerde the foudan thor,
In his herte he was ful for, 660
 To seo that celli siht;
Dame, ichulle don after thi lore,
Yif that i may seo bifore,
 That thi god beo of such miht.
With eny strengthe that i con,
Yif he conforme hit after mon,
 With lyf and limes ariht,
Mi false goddes ichul forfake,
To Jhesu Crist thenne ichul me take,
 As ich-am a trewe kniht. 670

Glad was thenne that gode womman

That hire lord the foudan

Hath grauntede hire preiyere,

And that he wolde beo Cristene man,

Heo thonketh him that this world bigan,

And Marie his moder dere.

Nou, lordinges, herkneth a muri pas

Hou this child icristned was,

And hath limes hol and feere ;

And hou the foudan of Damas

680

Was icristnet in that cas,

Lustneth, and ye schul here.

The ladi seide in that stounde,

Sire, ye have in prisun bounde

Mony a Cristene man ;

Let seche bi losse and bi grounde,

Yif eny Cristene prisoun mighte be founde,

And bringe biforn me than :

And ye schul seo er to morwe non

What my god hymself con don

690

More then thi maumetes can.

The prisouns were anon ifouht,

A Cristene prest then forth was brouht,

Be heste of that foudan.

Adoun he fel uppon his kne,
And feire he grette that ladi fre,
And feide with fikynges fore;
And feide, Dame, iblesfet ye be
Of god that fit in trinitè,
The tyme that ye weore bore. 700
The ladi feide, Art thou a preft,
Beleevest thou on Jhesu Crist,
Const thou of Cristes lore?
The preft onswerde foone anon,
In verbo dei ich was on,
Ten winter feththe and more.

Fyve yer hit is agon,
That i ne fong masse non,
Hit liketh me ful ille;
So long i wis hit is agon, 710
I have ilived in prifon of fton,
With wrong and muchel unskille.
The ladi feide, let beo thi fare,
Thou ſchalt be brought out of thi care,
Yif thou const holde the stille;
Thorw thin help and myn this ffoundes,
We ſchul make Cristene of hethene houndes;
God graunte yif hit be his wille.

Heo feide, Icham the foudans wyf,
Thou most do stille withouten stryf, 720
Al in privè;

Her is a child felcouth discrif,
Hit nath nouthur lyme ne lyf,
Ne eyen for to se.

Holy water thou most make,
And that wrecche thou most take,
For the love of me;
And cristne hit withouten blame,
And nempne hit in the fader name,
That sitteth in trinitè. 730

On him is al myn help apliht,
That ilke lord ful of miht,
Of serwe he may me flake;
Yif hit were icristnet ariht,
Hit scholde ha forme to seo with siht,
With lyf and limes to wake.

The ladi bad hire maydens anon,
Out of hire chaumbre forté gon,
For dreds of wriyying fake;
The prest anon in that tyde, 740
In feir vesfel him byfyde,
Holi water gon make.

In mid-somer tyde this was done,
In worschupe of Crist in trone,
As i ow telle may ;
The prest tok the child anon,
And nempne hit to hote Jon,
In worschipe of that day.
Whon hit was cristned thorw grace,
Hit hedde bothe lymes and face, 750
And cryede with gret deray,
Huyde and heuh, bon and fel,
And everi lyme, soth to tel,
In stori as ich ow fay.

Feiroke child miht non be bore,
Hit hedde never a lyme ilore,
Wel schapen hit was withalle ;
The prest no lengor dwelled thore,
But yeode and tolde the soudan fore,
As he sat in his halle. 760
The ladi lay in hire bed,
With riche clothes bespred,
Of gold and purple palle,
The chyld heo tok up as blyve,
And thonked ur ladi with joyes fyve,
The miracle that ther was falle.

Lord, heo feide, i preye to the,
Almihti god in trinitè,

Nou yef me miht and space,
That i mote that day ife 770

That my lord icristnet be,
The foudan of Damace.

The foudan com in that was so blak,
The child heo schewed him also spak,

With lyf and limes and face.

Heo feide, Mahoun ne Appolin,
Were not worth the brustel of a fwyn,

Ayeynes my lordes grace.

Then feide the foudan, Lemmon myn,
Icham nou glad wel a fyn, 780

Mai ne mon blithur be.

Ye, fire, heo feide, be feint Katerin,
Yif haluendel the child were thyn

Then miht ye gladnes fe.

Dame, he feide, hou is that?
Nis hit not myn that ich biyat?

No, fire, i wis, feith heo,

But thou weore cristne as hit is,
Thou naft no part therof i wis,

Nouthur of child ne of me. 790

But yif thou cristne wol let the make,
More drede and more wrake

The while thou art alyve;
For yif thou were a Cristene man,
Then were hit thin that thou wan,
Thi child and eke thi wyve:
And whon thou art ded thou schalt wende
To joye that lasteth withouten ende,
May no mon hit discryve.

Dame, seith the foudan, beo nou stille, 800
Ichul ben at thin owne wille,
And ben icristned blyve.

Mi maumetrie ichul forsake,
And cristendom ichul take,

Withinne this thridde day:
No more folk distruye i nil,
I preye that prest to come me til
To teche me Cristene lay.

Priveliche that hit be,
That no mon wite bote we thre, 810

As ferforth as ye may;
Yif eny hit wriste heigh or lowe,
Icholde be brent and don of dowe,
Yif i forfoke my lay.

The preft anon com after than,
And feide to the foudan,
Sire, now icham here,
With al the miht that i con,
To helpe make the a Cristene mon,
And godes lawe to lere. 820

His hond uppon his breste he leide,
In verbo dei he fwor and feide,
To you bothe ifeere;
Trewe and truſti ichul be
To al that evere falleth for me,
And helpe at my powere.

A morwe, whon the preft awaketh,
A feir veſſel to him he taketh,
With watur cler and colde;
Anon riht for the foudan ſake 830
His preyers he gon to make,
To him that Judas folde;
And to Marie his moder dere,
That the foudan criſtned were,
That was ſo breme and bolde;
And yef him miht and ſpace
Thorw his vertu and his grace
His criſtendam wel to holde.

A morwe, as fone as hit was day,
The foudan in his bed lay, 840

And up he gan to rise ;
He clepede the prest, and gon to say,
Dihte the redi that thou may
That schal to my fervyse.

The prest onswerde anon tho,
Ichave al redi that schal therto,
Al redi in alle wyfe.

The foudan dihte him naked anon,
In to the watur he con gon,
And refeyvede the baptise. 850

The preste hihte fire Cleophas,
And nempnede so the foudan of Damas,
After his owne name ;
His colour that lodlich and blak was,
Hit bi com feir thorw godes gras,
And cler withoute blame.

Whon the foudan hedde therof a fiht,
That god was of so mucche miht,

His care was tornd to game ;
Whon the prest hedde al ifeid, 860
And holy watur on hym leyd,
To chaumbre thei wenten in fame.

He com ther the ladi lay,
 Certes, dame, he gon to fay,
 Thi god is good and trewe.

The ladi that ilke day
 Wepte with hire eyen gray,
 Unnethe hire lord heo knewe.

But wel heo wuste in hire thouht
 On Mahoun he leevede nouht, 870

Bi chaungynge of his hewe,
 And for that he was cristnet fo
 Al awei was hire wo,
 Hire joye wox al newe,

Sire, heo seide, *pur charité*,
 Sent this prest in privité,

To my fader the kyng,
 And bide him for the love of me,
 That he come hider to the,

With al that he may bring : 890
 And whon that he is hider icome,
 He cristene the lond al and some,

Bothe olde and ying,
 And hosē nil not cristned be
 Hong hem heighe uppon a tre,
 Withouten eny dwellyng.

The foudan tok the preft bi the honde,
 And bad him go and nothing wonde,
 To the kyng of Tars ful yare,
 “ And do him to underftonde, 900
 That icham thorw godes fonde
 Ibrouht al out of care.
 Bid him com hider with his oft,
 Priveliche withouten boft,
 For no thyng that he ne fpare.”
 Forth the preft is iwent,
 To don the lordes comaundement,
 To Tars then is he fare.

Forth wente fir Cleophas,
 To the court thorw godes gras, 910
 Withouten eny dwellyng,
 Tolde the kyng al the cas ;
 Hou the child ded-boren was,
 A misforfchapen thing ;
 And thorw the preyer of his wyf
 Hit hedde bothe lyme and lyf,
 In the watur of his cristenyng ;
 And hou the proude foudan
 Was bicom a Cristene man,
 Thorw miht of hevene kyng. 920

He radde the lettres that he brouht,
In the lettre hit was iwrouht,
As ich ou telle may,
He badde hym come and lette nouht,
With al the pouwer that he mouht,
Uppon a ferteyn day.
“Priveliche with thin oft,
Thou scholdest come withoute boft,
And ferche uche cuntray,
And hofe wole not cristnet be 930
Scholde be honged on a tre,
Withouten eny delay.”

A gladdor mon mighte not ben,
He clepte his barouns and his qwen,
And tolde hem in his fawe,
The foudan, that was stout and kene,
Cristnet was withouten wene,
And leevede on Cristes lawe.
And to me hath isent his sonde,
He wol cristene al his londe, 940
Yif he mihte wel fawe;
Ho nil not come to cristenyng,
Weore he never so heigh lordyng,
He scholde be to-drawe.

Therefore, lordynges, out-riht,

Duik, erl, baroun, and kniht,

Let yor folk out beode,

And whon that ye beth redi diht,

With helm on hed and brunye briht,

Help me wel at neode.

950

The kyng of Tars, that ilke tyde,

Sente aboute bi uche a fyde,

To knihtes douhti in dede;

The kyng dihte him for to wende,

With fixti thoufend knihtes hende,

This was a feir felawrede.

Forth he went, withouten let,

The fame day that he hedde fet,

To the foudan wel yare;

Whon thei were togeder imet,

960

A muri gret yng ther was gret,

Of lordes that ther ware.

A femely fiht was to fe

The ladi falde doun on kne

Bifore hire fader thare;

Ther was joye, pité also,

Whon heo tolde of weole and wo,

Of auntres that weore fare.

The foudan ther he fat in halle,
He cleped his knihtes biforen him alle, 970
And al his owne meynè,
Bi heore name he gan hem calle,
Lordynges, what so ever bifalle,
Icristened ye schul be.
For ichave Mahoun forsake,
To Jhesu Crist ich have me take,
And fertes so schul ye;
And hosé wol not so don,
He schal ben honged swithe son,
Be him that dyed on tre. 980

Whon the foudan hedde thus told,
Ther was mony a Sarazin bold,
That with the foudan were,
Summe feide that thei wolde,
And summe feide that thei nolde,
Be cristened in none manere.
And hosé wolde here maumetes forsake,
Cristene men let hem take,
And weore hem les and dere;
And ho that nolde do bi heore red, 990
Cristen men tak of heore hed,
Faste bi the fwere.

The foudan had in his prifon riht,
 Thritti thoufend prifons apliht,
 Of mony an uncouth theode,
 Thei that were ftronge and wiht,
 He delyverede hem anon riht,
 And armed hem upon ftede :
 And thei that mihte not fo do,
 He gaf hem mete and drynk alfo, 1000
 And al that hem was nede ;
 Men mihte feo in that court than
 Moni a blythe Cristene man,
 In ftori as we rede,

Anon riht in that ille tyde,
 Thorw out his lond on uche a fyde,
 This word wel wyde fprong,
 Thei fente aboute fer and nerre,
 Uppon the foudan for to werre,
 And feiden for that wrong, 1010
 Bi Mahoun and Tirmagaunt,
 No mon fchal be heore warant,
 Weore thei never fo ftronge ;
 Bothe foudan and kyng,
 And al that hem was folewyng,
 The dethe thei fcholde afonge.

Fyf kynges were of heigh parayle,
Upon the foudan thei beode bataile,
That strong and douhti were;
Hou the foudan hem gon asfayle, 1020
And what thei hihte withoute fayle,
Lustneth, and ye mouwe here.
The kyng Kenedok and kyng Lefyas,
Kyng Merkel, and kyng Cleomadas,
Kyng Menbrok was heore fere,
Theos fyf kynges forth bewent,
Moni a mon thei flowe and schent,
With strengthe and gret pouwere.

Upon a day the kyng and the foudan
An hard batayle thei bigan, 1030
Upon this kynges fyve,
Ayeynes o Cristene man,
Ten hethene houndes were ther than,
Of Sarazins stoute and stythe.
Herkeneth now, bothe olde and ying,
Hou the foudan and the kyng
Among hem gunne to dryve,
And hou the Sarazins that day
Hopped hedles for heore pray,
I schal ow telle as blyve. 1040

The Cristene foudan that tyde
Tok a spere and gon to ryde,
Ayeyn Kenedok so kene,
The kyng, that was so ful of pryde,
His spere he lette to hym glyde,
To wite withouten wene.
So harde togidere thei riden thare,
Bothe the speres that thei bare
Borsten hem bitwene,
The foudan drou his fwerd ful good, 1050
The kynges hed with the hod
He strek of quit and clene.

Kyng Lefyas of Taborie
To the foudan hedde envye,
For Kendok kyng was flawe;
He toke a spere, withoute lye,
Ayeyn the foudan he gan hyghe,
And wolde hym fle ful fawe.
The kyng of Tars bitwene hem rod,
And Lefyas streok he abod, 1060
As i fynde in my fawe;
He smot him so on the scheld
That hit fley into the feld,
Adoun he hath hym drawe.

He leap to horse, and gone to ryde,
And slough a doun bi uche a fyde,
Alle that he bifore him founde;
And alle that ever he hutte that tyde,
Weore he never so proud in pryde,
He yaf hem dethes wounde. 1070

The kyng of Tars with his spere
Thorw the bodi he gon hym bere,
And falde him ded to grounde;
The Sarazins nomen up a cri,
Now, Mahoun, ful of merci,
Help now in this stounde!

Kyng Merkel was ful wo,
To fihten anon he was ful thro,
A spere in honde he hent,
He priked his stede and let him go, 1080
The kyng of Tars he thoughte to flo,
Er he thennes went.

He smot the kyng that ilke tyde
Thorw his hauberk in the fyde,
That neih he hedde be schent;
The kyng of Tars out of his fadel fel,
The blod out of his wounde wel,
Mony mon hit bi ment.

Whon the foudan faugh his blod,
For wraththe he thoughte he was neih wod, 1090
And gon to prike with mayn,
He and al his felawrede
Brought hem ayein uppon his ftede,
And halp him up ayayn.
Whon he was on his ftede ibrouht,
Al that he hutte and arauht,
He clef hem in to brayn :
Kyng Merkel ayeyn him went,
And yaf hym fuch a nother dunt,
That neih he hadde hym flayn. 1100

Whon the foudan faugh that fiht,
Wod for wraththe he was apliht,
And rod to the kyng Merkel,
And smot him fo on the fcheld,
That he fel in to the feld,
Among that houndes fel :
The kyng of Tars in that ffounde
Hath spyt of that hethene hounde,
That er hedde foughte fo wel ;
He fwor, be him that tholedde wounde, 1110
That hethene dogge fchal to grounde,
Be the help of feint Michel.

I nul not dyyen in his dette,
A strok on hym ichul bifette,
 Beo he never so bolde ;
Ur ladi with an avé he grette,
That no mon scholde hym lette,
 The feendes strengthe to folde.
He rod' to hym anon riht,
With a dunt of mucche miht, 1120
 In stori as hit is tolde ;
He hutte him on the helm on hiht,
Into the brayn thorw bacinet briht,
 Thus is his fervyse yolde.

Kyng Membrok was in gret payn
Whon he saugh thus his felawes slayn,
 And in the feld to drevet,
He priked his hors with miht and mayn,
And fleigh a weiward on that playn,
 For to huyden his heved. 1130
The Cristene foudan in that tyde
Aftur him he gan to ryde,
 For no thing he ne leved,
And smot him so fer al his scheld
As he fleyh in that feld,
 Quitliche of his heved.

Thus the ladi with hire lore
Broughte hire frendes out of fore,
 Thorw Jhesu Cristes grace ;
Al the while that thei weore thare, 1140
The joye that was among hem yare,
 No mon may telle the space.
Whon thei weore out of world iwent,
Bifore god omnipotent,
 Hem was diht a place.
Now Jhesu, that is ful of miht,
Graunt us alle in hevene liht
 To seo thi swete face !

EMARE.

JHESU, that ys kyng in trone,
 As thou shoope bothe sonne and mone,
 And all that shall dele and dyghte,
 Now lene us grace fuch dedes to done,
 In thy blys that we may wone,
 Men calle hit heven lyghte;
 And thy moder, Mary, hevyn qwene,
 Bere our arunde so bytwene,
 That semely ys of fyght,
 To thy sone that ys so fre,
 In heven with hym that we may be,
 That lord ys most of myght.

10

Menstrelles, that walken fer and wyde,
 Her and ther in every a fyde,

In mony a dyverse londe,
Sholde, at her bygynnyng,
Speke of that ryhtwes kyng,

That made both see and fonde.
Whofo wyll a ftonde dwelle,
Of mykyl myrht y may you telle, 20

And mornynge ther amonge,
Of a lady fayr and fre,
Her name was called Emare,
As i here fyng in songe.

Her fadyr was an emperour,
Of castell, and of ryche towre,

Syr Artyus was hys nome;
He hadde bothe hallys and bowrys,
Frythes fayr, forestes with flowrys,
So gret a lord was none. 30

Weddedde he had a lady,
That was both fayr and femely,

Whyte as whalës bone,
Dame Erayne hette that emperes,
She was full of love and goodnesse,

So curtays lady was none.

Syr Artyus was the best manne
In the worlde that lyvede thanne,
Both hardy and therto wyght,
He was curtays in all thyng, 40
Bothe to olde and to yynge,
And well kowth dele and dyght.
He hadde but on chyld in his lyve,
Begeten on his weddedde wyfe,
And that was fayr and bryght;
For sothe, as y may telle the,
They called that chyld Emare,
That femely was of fyght.

When she was of her moder born,
She was the fayrest creature borne, 50
That yn the lond was thoo,
The emperes, that fayr ladye,
Fro her lord gan she dye,
Or hyt kowthe speke or goo.
The chyld, that was fayr and gent,
To a lady was hyt fente,
That men called Abro,
She thawghth hit curtesye and thewe,
Golde and fylke for to fewe,
Amonge maydenes moo. 60

Abro tawghte thys mayden small,
Nortour that men usedenn in sale,

Whyle she was in her bowre ;
She was curtays in all thyng,
Bothe to old and to yynge,

And whythe as lylle flowre ;
Of her hondes she was flye,
All he loved that her fye,

Wyth menfke and mychyl honour.
At the maydene leve we, 70
And at the lady fayr and fre ;
And speke we of the emperour.

The emperour, of gentyll blode,
Was a curteys lorde and a gode,

In all maner of thyng,
Aftur when his wyf was dede,
And ledde his lyf yn weddewede,
And myche loved playnge.

Sone aftur yn a whyle,
The ryche kynge of Cefyle 80

To the emperour gann wende,
A ryche present wyth hym he browght,
A cloth that was wordylle wrought,
He wellcomed hym as the hende.

Syr Tergaunte, that nobyll knyght hyghte,
He presented the emperour ryght,

And fette hym on hys kne,
Wyth that cloth rychly dyght,
Full of stones ther hit was pyght,

As thykke as hit myght be, 90
Off topaze and rubyes,

And other stones of myche prys,

That femely wer to fe,
Of crapowtes and nakette,

As thykke ar they fette,

For sothe as y fay the.

The cloth was displayed sone,

The emperoer lokede therupone,

And myght hyt not fe,

For glysteryng of the ryche ston 100

Redy fyght had he non,

And fayde, How may thys be?

The emperour fayde on hygh,

Sertes thys ys a fayry,

Or ellys a vanyte.

The kyng of Cyfyle answered than,

So ryche a jwell ys ther non

In all Cryftyante.

The amerayle dowghter of hethennes
Made this cloth withouten lees, 110

And wrowghte hit all with pride,
And purtreied hyt with gret honour,
Wyth ryche golde and afowr,

And ftones on ylke a fyde;
And, as the story telles in honde,
The ftones that yn this cloth ftonde

Sowghte they wer full wyde,
Seven wynter hit was yn makynge,
Or hit was browght to endynge,

In herte ys not to hyde. 120

In that on korne made was
Idoyne and Amadas,

With love that was so trewe,
For they loveden hem wit honour,
Portrayed they wer with trewe-love flour,

Of ftones bryght of hewe,
Wyth carbunkull and safere,
Kasfydonys and onyx so clere,

Sette in golde newe,
Deamondes and rubyes, 130
And other ftones of mychyll pryfe,

And menstrellys with her gle.

In that other corner was dyght,
Trystram and Ifowde so bryght,
That femely wer to fe,
And for they loved hem ryght,
As full of stones ar they dyght,
As thykke as they may be,
Of topase and of rubyes,
And other stones of myche pryse, 140
That femely wer to fe,
Wyth crapawtes and nakette,
Thykke of stones ar they fette,
For sothe as y say the.

In the thrydde korner, with gret honour,
Was Florys and dam Blawncheflour,
As love was hem betwene,
For they loved wyth honour,
Purtrayed they wer with trewe-love-flower,
With stones bryght and shene. 150
Ther wer knyghtes and senatowres,
Emerawdes of gret vertues,
To wyte withouten wene,
Deamondes and koralle,
Perydotes and crystall,
And gode garnettes bytwene.

In the fowrthe korner was oon
Of Babyllone the fowdan sonne,
The amerayles dowghtyr hym by,
For his fake the cloth was wrowght, 160
She loved hym in hert and thowght,
As testymoyeth thys storye.

The fayr mayden her byforn
Was portrayed an unykorn,
With hys horn so hye,
Flowres and bryddes on ylke a fyde,
With stones that wer fowght wyde,
Stuffed wyth ymagerye.

When the cloth to ende was wrowght,
To the fowdan sone hit was browght, 170

That semely was of fyghte :
“ My fadyr was a nobyll man,
Of the fowdan he hit wan,
Wyth maystrye and myghth ;
For gret love he yaf hyt me,
I brynge hit the in specyaltè,
Thys cloth ys rychely dyght.”

He yaf hit the emperour,
He receyved hit with gret honour,
And thonkede hym fayr and ryght. 180

The kyng of Cefyle dwelled ther
As long as his wyll wer,
With the emperour for to play,
And when he wolde wende,
He toke his leve at the hende,
And wente forth on hys way.
Now Remeneth this nobyll kyng,
The emperour after his dowghter hadde longyng,
To speke with that may,
Mesfengeres forth he fent 190
Aftyr the mayde fayre and gent,
That was bryght as fomeres day.

Mesfengeres dyghte hem in hye,
With myche myrthe and melodye,
Forth gon they fare,
Both by ftrete and by ftye,
After that fayr lady,
Was godely unther gare.
Her noryffe, that hyghte Abro,
With her she goth forth also, 200
And wer fette in a chare,
To the emperour gan the go,
He come ayeyn hem a myle or two,
A fayr metyng was there.

The mayden, whyte as lyllye flour,
Lyghte ayeyn her fadyr, the emperour,
Two knyghtes gan her lede.

Her fadyr, that was of gret renowne,
That of golde wered the crowne,
Lyghte of hys stede; 210

When they wer bothe on her fete,
He klypped her ond kyfised her fwete,
And bothe on fote they yede,
They wer glad and made good chere,
To the palys they yede in fere,
In romans as we rede,

Then the lordes that wer grete,
They wesh and feten doun to mete,
And folk hem ferved fwyde,
The mayden, that was of fembelant fwete, 220

Byfore her owene fadur fete,
The fayrest wommon on lyfe.

That all his hert and alle his thowghth,
Her to love was yn browght,

He byhelde her ofte fythe,
So he was anamored his thowghter tyll,
With her he thowghth to worche his wyll,
And wedde her to hys wyfe.

And when the mete-whyle was doun,
Into hys chambur he wente soun, 230
And called his counfeyle nere,
He bad they shulde sone go and come,
And gete leve of the pope of Rome,
To wedde that mayden clere.
Mesfengeres forth they wente,
They durst not breke his commandement,
And erles with hem yn fere,
They wente to the courte of Rome,
And browghte the popus bullus sone,
To wedde his dowghter dere. 240

Then was the emperour gladde and blythe,
And lette shape a robe swythe,
Of that cloth of golde,
And when hit was don her upon,
She semed non erthely wommon,
That marked was of molde.
Then seyde the emperour so fre,
Dowghtyr, y woll wedde the,
Thow art so fresh to beholde.
Then sayde that wordy unther wede, 250
Nay, syr, god of heven hit forbede,
That ever do so we shulde!

Yyf hit so betydde that ye me wedde,

And we shulde play togeder in bedde,

Bothe we were forlorne ;

The worde shulde sprynge fer and wyde,

In all the worlde on every fyde,

The worde shulde be borne.

Ye ben a lorde of gret pryce,

Lorde, lette never fuche sorow aryce,

260

Take god you beforne ;

That my fader shulde wedde me,

God forbede that i hyt so fe,

That wered the crowne of thorne !

The emperour was ryght wrothe,

And fwore many a gret othe,

That deed shulde she be ;

He lette make a nobull boot,

And dede her theryn god wote,

In the robe of nobull ble.

270

She moſte have with her no ſpendyng,

Nother mete ne drynke [givyng],

But ſhote her yn to the ſe ;

Now the lady dwelled thore,

Wythowte anker or ore,

And that was gret pytè.

Ther come a wynd, y untherstonde,
And blewe the boot fro the londe,
Of her they lost the fyght,
The emperour hym bethowght, 280
That he hadde all mysrowht,
And was a fory knyghte.
And as he stode yn studyñge,
He fell down in fowenyng,
To the yrthe was he dyght;
Grete lordes stode therby,
And toke up the emperour haftyly,
And confortd hym fayr and ryght.

When he of fownyng kovered was,
Sore he wepte and sayde, Alas, 290
For my dowhter dere!
Alas, that y was made man,
Wrecched kaytyf that i hit am!
The teres ronne by his lere.
I wrawght ayeyn goddes lay,
To her that was so trewe of fay:
Alas, why ner she here!
The teres lashed out of his yyen,
The grete lordes that hit fyien,
Wepte and made yll chere. 300

Ther was nother olde ny yynge,
That kowthe stynte of wepynge,
For that comely unther kelle,
Into shypys faste gan they thrynge,
For to seke that mayden yynge,
That was so fayr of flesh and fell;
They her fowght over all yn the see,
And myghte not fynde that lady fre,
Ayeyn they come full snell.
At the emperour now leve we, 310
And of the lady yn the see,
I shall begynne to tell,

The lady fleted forth alone,
To god of heven she made her mone,
And to hys modyr also;
She was dryven with wynde and rayn,
With stronge stormes her agayn,
Of the water so blo.
As y have herd menstrelles syng yn sawe,
Hows ny lond myghth she non knawe, 320
Aferd she was to go,
She was so dryven fro wawe to wawe,
She hyd her hede and lay full lawe,
For watyr she was full woo.

Now this lady dwelled thore
A good seven nyghth and more,
As hit was goddys wylle,
With carefull herte, and fykyng fore,
Such forow was here yarked yore,
And ever lay she styll, 330
She was dryven ynto a lond,
Thorow the grace of goddes fond,
That all thyng may fulfyll,
She was on the see so harde bestadde,
For hunger and thurst almost madde,
Woo worth wederes yll !

She was dryven into a lond,
That hyghth Galys, y untherstond,
That was a fayr cuntre,
The kynges steward dwelled ther bysyde, 340
In a kastell of mykyl pryde,
Syr Kadore hyght he.
Every day wolde he go,
And take with hym a sqwyer or two,
And play hym by the see ;
On a tyme he toke the eyr,
With two knyghtes gode and fayr,
The wedur was lythe of le.

A boot he fond by the brym,
And a glysteryng thyng theryn, 350
Therof they had ferly,
They went forth on the fond,
To the boot i untherstond,
And fond theryn that lady.
She hadde so longe meteles be,
That hym thowht gret dele to fe,
She was in poyn to dye.
'They askede her what was her name,
She chaunged hit ther anone,
And fayde she hette Egare. 360

Syr Kadore hadde gret pytè,
He toke up the lady of the see,
And hom gan he lede ;
She hadde so longe meteles be,
She was wax lene as a tre,
That wordy unther wede.
Into hys castell when she came,
Into a chawmbyr they her namm,
And fayr they gann her fede,
Wyth all delycyus mete and drynke, 370
That they myghth hem on thynke,
That was yn all that stede.

When that lady, fayr of face,
With mete and drynke kevered was,
And had colour agayne,
She tawghte hem to sewe and marke
All maner of fylkyn werke,
Of her they wer full fayne.
She was curteys yn all thyng,
Bothe to olde and to yyunge, 380
I fay yow for certeyne;
She kowthe werke all maner thyng,
That fell to emperour or to kyng,
Erle, barown, or fwayne,

Syr Kadore lette make a feste,
That was fayr and honeste,
Wyth hys lorde the kyng,
Ther was myche menstralfè,
Trompus, tabors, and sawtrè,
Bothe harpe and fydyllyng. 390
The lady, that was gentyll and small,
In kurtull alone served yn hall,
Byfore that nobull kyng,
The cloth upon her shone so bryghth,
When she was theryn ydyghth,
She semed non erdly thyng.

The kyng loked her upon,
 So fayr a lady he fygh never non,
 His herte she hadde yn wolde,
 He was so anamered of that fyghth, 400
 Of the mete non he myghth,
 But faste gan her beholde ;
 She was so fayr and gent,
 The kynges love on her was lent,
 In tale as hyt ys tolde ;
 And when the mete whyle was doun,
 In to the chamber he wente foun,
 And called his barouns bolde.

Fyrst he called fyr Kadore,
 And other knyghtes that ther wore, 410
 Hastely come hym tyll,
 Dukes and erles, wyfe of lore,
 Hastely come the kyng before,
 And askede what was his wyll.
 Then spakke the ryche yn ray,
 To fyr Kadore gan he fay,
 Wordes fayr and styll :
 Syr, whenns ys that lovely may,
 That yn the halle ferved this day ?
 Tell me yyf hyt be thy wyll. 420

Then fayde fyr Kadore, Y untherstonde,
Hyt ys an erles thowghter of ferre londe,
That femely ys to fene,
I fente after her, certeynlye,
To teche my chylderen curtesye,
In chambur wyth hem to bene.
She ys the konnyngest wommon,
I trowe that be yn Crystendom,
Of werk that y have fene.
Then fayde that ryche raye, 430
I wyll have that fayr may,
And wedde her to my quene.

The nobull kyng, verament,
After his modyr he sent,
To wyte what she wolde fay.
They browght forth hastely
That fayr mayde Egarye,
She was bryghth as someres day,
The cloth on her shen so bryght,
When she was theryn dyght, 440
And her self a gentell may.
The olde qwene fayde anon,
I sawe never wommon
Halvendell so gay.

The old quene spakke wordes unhende,
And sayde, Sone, thys ys a fende,
In this wordy wede,
As thou lovest my blefsynge,
Make thou never this weddyng,
Cryft hit de forbede ! 450
Then spakke the ryche ray,
Modyr, y wyll have this may,
And forth gan her lede.
The olde quene, for certayne,
Turnede with ire hom agayne,
And wolde not be at that dede.

The kyng wedded that lady bryght,
Grete purvyance ther was dyghth,
In that femely fale,
Grete lordes wer served aryght, 460
Duke, erle, baron and knyghth,
Both of grete and smale.
Myche folke for sothe ther was,
And therto an huge prese,
As hit ys tolde in tale,
Ther was all maner thyng,
That fell to a kynges weddyng,
And mony a ryche menstrall.

When the mangery was done,
Grete lordes departed fone, 470
That femely were to fee,
The kyng be lafte with the qwene,
Moch love was hem betwene,
And also game and gle ;
She was curteys and fwete,
Such a lady herde y never of yete ;
They loved both with herte fre.
The lady that was both meke and mylde,
Conceyved and wente with chylde,
As god wolde hit sholde be. 480

The kyng of France, yn that tyme,
Was befette with many a Sarezyne,
And cumbered all in tene ;
And fente after the kyng of Galys,
And other lordys of myche prys,
That femely were to fene.
The kyng of Galys, in that tyde,
Gedered men on every fyde,
In armour bryght and shene ;
Then fayde the kyng to fyr Kadore, 490
And other lordes that ther wore,
Take good hede to my qwene.

The kyng of Fraunce spared none,
But sent for hem everychone,
Both kyng, knyghth, and clerke;
The stiward, bylast at home,
To kepe the qwene whyte as fome,
He com not at that werke.
She wente with chylde, yn place,
As longe as goddes wyll was, 500
That semely unther ferke;
Thyll ther was of her body
A fayr chylde borne, and a godele,
Hadde a dowbyll kynges marke.

They hit crystened with grete honour,
And called hym Segramour,
Frely was that fode;
Then the steward fyr Kadore,
A nobull letter made he thore,
And wrowghte hit all with gode. 510
He wrowghte hit yn hyghynge,
And sente hit to his lorde the kynge,
That gentyll was of blode;
The mesfenger forth gan wende,
And with the kynges moder gan lende,
And yn to the castell he yode.

He was resfeyved rychely,
And she hym askede hastily,
How the qwene hadde spedde ;

“ Madame, ther ys of her yborne 520

A fayr man chylde, y tell you beforne,
And she lyth yn her bedde.”

She yaf hym, for that tydynges,

A robe and fowrty shylynges,

And rychely hym cladde :

She made hym dronken of ale and wyne ;

And when she sawe that hit was tyme,

Tho chambur she wole hym lede.

And when he was on slepe browght,

The qwene that was of wykked thowght, 530

Tho chambur gan she wende ;

Hys letter she toke hym fro,

In a fyre she brente hit do,

Of werkes she was unhende.

Another letter she made with evyll,

And sayde the qwene had born a devyll,

Durste no mon come her hende.

Thre heddes hadde he there

A lyon, a dragon, and a beere,

A fowll feltred fende. 540

On the morn, when hit was day,
The mesfenger wente on his way,
Bothe by ftye and ftrete,
In trwe ftory as y fay,
Tyll he come ther as the kynge laye,
And fpeke wordes fwete.
He toke the kyng the letter yn honde,
And he hit redde, y untherftonde,
The teres downe gan he lete,
And as he ftode yn redyng, 550
Downe he fell yn fowenyng,
For forow his herte gan blede.

Grete lordes that ftode hym by,
Toke up the kyng haftely,
In herte he was full woo ;
Sore he grette and fayde, Alas !
That y ever man born was,
That hit ever fo fhulde be ;
Alas ! that y was made a kynge,
And fygh wedded the fayrest thyng 560
That on erthe myght go ;
That ever Jhefu hymfelf wolde fende,
Such a fowle lothly fende,
To come bytwene us too !

When he sawe hit myght no better be,
Another letter then made he,
And seled hit with his seles;
He commanded yn all thyng,
To kepe well that lady yunge,
Tyll she hadde her hele; 570
Bothe gode men and ylle
To serve her at her wylle,
Bothe yn wo and wele:
He toke this letter of his honde,
And rode thorow the same londe,
By the kynges modur castell.

And then he dwelled ther all nyght,
He was resfeyved and rychely dyght,
And wyfte of no trefon;
He made hym well at ese and fyne, 580
Bothe of brede, ale, and wyne,
And that berafte hym his reson.
When he was on slepe browght,
The false qwene his letter fowghte,
In to the fyre she kaste hit downe;
Another letter she lette make,
That men sholde the lady take,
And lede her out of towne.

And putte her ynto the fee,
In that robe of ryche ble, 590

The lytyll chylde her wyth;
And lette her have no spendyng,
For no mete, ny for drynkyng,

But lede her out of that kyght.
Upon payn of chylde and wyfe,
And also upon your owene lyfe,

Lette her have no gryght;
The mesfenger knewe no gyle,
But rode hom mony a myle,
By forest and by fryght. 600

And when the mesfenger come home,
The steward toke the letter sone,

And bygan to rede;
Sore he fyght and fayde, Alas!
Sertes this ys a fowle case,
And a defull dede.

And as he stode yn redyng,
He fell downe yn fwounyng,

For forow his hert gan blede;
Ther was nother olde ny yynge, 610
That myghte forbere of wepyng,
For that worthy unther wede.

The lady herde gret dele yn halle,

On the steward gan she calle,

And fayde, What may this be?

Yyf any thyng be amys,

Tell me what that hit ys,

And lette not for me.

Then fayde the steward verament,

Lo her a letter my lord hath sente, 620

And therfore woo ys me :

She toke the letter and bygan to rede,

Then fonde she wryten all the dede,

How she moſte ynto the fee.

Be ſtylle, fyr, fayde the qwene,

Lette fyche mornynge bene,

For me have thou no kare ;

Loke thou be not ſhente,

But do my lordes commaundement,

God forbede thou ſpare ;

630

For he weddede ſo porely,

On me a ſympull lady,

He ys aſhamed fore ;

Grete well my lord fro me,

So gentyll of blode yn Cryſtyante,

Gete he never more.

Then was ther forow and myche woo,
When the lady to shype shulde go,
They wepte and wronge her honde ;
The lady that was meke and mylde, 640
In her arme she bar her chylde,
And toke leve of the londe.
When she wente ynto the see,
In that robe of ryche ble,
Men fowened on the fonde ;
Sore they wepte, and fayde, Alas !
Certys this ys a wykked kase,
Wo worth dedes wronge !

The lady and the lytyll chylde,
Fleted forth on the water wylde, 650
With full harde happes ;
Her furkote that was large and wyde,
Therwith her vyfage she gan hyde,
With the hynther lappes.
She was aferde of the see,
And layde her gruf upon a tre,
The chylde to her pappes ;
The wawes that were grete and strong,
On the bote faste they thronge,
With mony unsemely rappes. 660

And when the chyld gan to wepe,
With fory hert she songe hit aslepe,
And putte the pappe yn his mowth,
And sayde, Myghth y ones gete lond,
Of the water that ys so fstronge,
By northe or by fowthe !
Wele owth y to warye the fee,
I have myche shame yn the,
And ever she lay and growht ;
Then she made her prayer, 670
To Jhesu and his moder dere,
In all that she kowthe.

Now this lady dwelled thore
A full fevene nyght and more,
As hit was goddys wylle ;
With karefull herte and fykyng fore,
Such sorow was her yarked yore,
And she lay full styllle.
She was dryven toward Rome,
Thorow the grace of god yn trone, 680
That all thyng may fulfyllle :
On the fee she was so harde bestadde
For hunger and thurste allmoste madde,
Wo worth chawnses ylle !

A marchaunte dwelled yn that cytè,
A ryche mon of golde and fee,
Jurdan was hys name ;
Eevery day wolde he
Go to playe hym by the fee,
The eyer for to tañe. 690
He wente forth yn that tyde;
Walkynge by the see fythe,
Alle hym felfe alone :
A bote he fonde by the brymme,
And a fayr lady therynne,
That was ryght wo-bygone.

The cloth on her shon so bryth
He was aferde of that fyght,
For glysteryng of that wede ;
And yn his herte he thowgtht ryght, 700
That she was non erdyly wyght ;
He fawe never non fluch yn leede.
He sayde, What hette ye, fayr ladye ?
Lord, she sayde, y hette Egarye,
That lye here yn drede :
Up he toke that fayre ladye,
And the yonge chylde her by,
And hom he gan hem lede.

When he come to his byggynge,
He welcomed fayr that lady yynge, 710

That was fayr and bryght;
And badde his wyf yn all thyng,
Mete and drynke for to brynge
To the lady ryght.

What that she wyll crave,
And her mowth wyll hit have,
Loke hit be redy dyght:
She hath so longe meteles be,
That me thynketh grette pytè,
Conforte her yyf thou myght. 720

Now the lady dwelles ther,
With alle mete that gode were
She hedde at her wylle:
She was curteys yn all thyng,
Bothe to olde and to yynge,
Her loved bothe gode and ylle.
The chylde bygan for to thryfe,
He wax the fayrest chyld on lyfe,
Whyte as flour on hylle;
And she sewed fylke werk yn bour, 730
And tawghte her sone nortowre,
But evyr she mornede styll.

When the chylde was seven yer olde,
He was bothe wyse and bolde,
And wele made of flesh and bone;
He was worthy unther wede,
And ryght well kowthe prike a stede,
So curtays a chylde was none.

All men lovede Segramowre,
Bothe yn halle and yn bowre, 740
Wherfoever he gan gone.

Leve we at the lady clere of vyce,
And speke of the kyng of Galys,
Fro the sege when he come home.

Now the sege broken ys,
The kyng come home to Galys,
With mykyll myrthe and pride;
Dukes and erles of ryche afyce,
Barones and knyghtes of mykyll pryse,
Come rydyng be hys fyde. 750

Syr Kodore his steward thanne,
Ayeyn hym rode with mony a man,
As faste as he myght ryde;
He tolde the kyng aventowres,
Of his halles and his bowres,
And of his londys wyde.

The kyng fayde, By goddys name,
Syr Kadore, thou art to blame

For thy fyrst tellynge;

Thou sholdest fyrst have tolde me 760
Of my lady Egare,

I love most of all thyng.

Then was the stewardes herte wo,
And fayde, Lorde, why fayst thou so?

Art not thou a trewe kyng?

Lo her the letter ye fente me,
Yowr owene self the sothe may se,

I have don your byddyng.

The kyng toke the letter to rede,
And when he sawe that ylke dede, 770

He wax all pale and wanne;

Sore he grette and fayde, Alas!
That ever born y was,

Or ever was made manne!

Syr Kadore, so mot y the,
Thys letter come never fro me,

I tell the her anone,

Bothe they wepte and yaf hem ylle;
Alas! he fayde, saf goddys wylle,

And both they fowened than. 780

Grete lordes stode by,
And toke up the kyng haftyly,
Of hem was grete pytè;
And when they both kevered were,
The kyng toke hym the letter ther,
Of the heddys thre.
A lord, he sayde, be goddes grace,
I sawe never this letter in place,
Alas! how may this be?
After the mesfenger ther they sente, 790
The kyng askede what way he wente;
“ Lord, be your moder fre.”

Alas! then sayde the kynge,
Whether my moder wer so unhende,
To make thys trefon;
By my krowne she shall be brent,
Withowten any other jugement,
That thenketh me best refon.
Grete lordes toke hem betwene,
That they wolde exyle the qwene, 800
And berefe her hyr renowne;
Thus they exiled the false qwene,
And byrafte her hyr lyf lothe clene,
Castell, towre, and towne.

When she was fled over the fee-fome,
The nobull kyng dwelled at hom,
With full hevy chere ;
With karefull hert and drury mone,
Sykynges made he many on,

For Egarye the clere : 810

And when he sawe chylderen play,
He wepte and fayde, Well away !

For my sone so dere.

Such lyf he lyved mony a day,
That no mon hym stynte may,
Fully seven yere.

Tyll a thowght yn hys herte come,
How his lady, whyte as fome,

Was drowned for his sake :

“ Thorow the grace of god yn trone, 820
I woll to the pope of Rome,

My penans for to take.”

He lette ordeyne shypus fele,
And fylled hem full of wordes wele,

Hys men mery with to make ;

Dolys he lette dyghth and dele,
For to wynnen hym fowles hele,

To the shyp he toke the gate.

Shypmen, that wer so mykyll of price,
Dyght her takull on ryche acyfe, 830
That was fayr and fre ;
They drowgh up sayl, and leyd out ore,
The wynde stode as her lust wore,
The wether was lythe on le.
They fayled over the salt some,
Thorow the grace of god in trone,
That most ys of powstè ;
To the cyté when they come,
At the burgeys hous his yn he nome,
Ther as woned Emarye. 840

Emare called her sone,
Hastely to here come,
Wythoute ony lettynge ;
And sayde, My dere sone so fre,
Do a lytull aftur me,
And thou shalt have my blefsynge.
To-morowe thou shalt serve yn halle,
In a kurtyll of ryche palle,
Byfore this nobull kyng :
Loke sone so curteys thou be, 850
That no mon fynde chalange to the,
In no manere thyng.

When the kyng ys ferved of spycerye,
Knele thou downe haftylye,

And take his hond yn thyn ;

And when thou haft so done,

Take the kuppe of golde fone,

And ferve hym of the wyne :

And what that he fpeketh to the,

Cum anon and tell me,

860

On goddes blefsyng and myne.

The chylde wente ynto the hall,

Amonge the lordes grete and fmall,

That luffume wer unther lyne.

Then the lordes that wer grete,

Wyfh and wente to her mete,

Menftrelles browght yn the kowrs.

The chylde hem ferved fo curteysly,

All hym loved that hym fy,

And fpake hym gret honowres.

870

Then fayde all that loked hym upon,

So curteys a chyld fawe they never non,

In halle ny yn bowres.

The kynge fayde to hym yn game,

Swete fone, what ys thy name ?

Lord, he feyd, y hyghth Segramowres.

Then that nobull kyng
Tóke up a grete fykyng,
For hys fone hyght so,
Certys, withowten lefyng, 880
The teres out of his yën gan wryng,
In herte he was full woo.
Neverthelese he lette be,
And loked on the chylde so fre,
And mykell he lovede hym thoo.
The kyng fayde to the burgeys anone,
Swete fyr, ys this thy fone?
The burgeys fayde, Yoo.

Then the lordes, that wer grete,
Wheshen ayeyn aftyr mete, 890
And then com spycerye,
The chylde, that was of chere fwete,
On his kne downe he fete,
And ferved hym curteyslye.
The kynge called the burgeys hym tyll,
And fayde, Syr, yf hit be thy wyll,
Yyf me this lytyll body;
I shall hym make lorde of town and towr,
Of hye halles and of bowre.
I love hym specyally. 900

When he had ferved the kyng at wylle,
 Fayr he wente his modyr tyll,
 And tellys her how hyt ys.

“ Soone when he shall to chambur wende,
 Take his hond at the grete ende,
 For he ys thy fadur, y wyffe,
 And byd hym come speke with Emare,
 That changed her name to Egare,
 In the lond of Galys.”

The chylde wente ayeyn to halle, 910
 Amonge the grete lordes alle,
 And ferved on ryche asyfe.

When they wer well at ese asyne,
 Bothe of brede, ale, and wyne,
 They rose up more and myn;

When the kyng shulde to chambur wende,
 He toke his hond at the grete ende,
 And fayre he helpe hym yn;

And sayde, Syr, if your wyll be,
 Take me your honde, and go with me, 920

For y am of yowr kynne.
 Ye shull come speke with Emare,
 That changed her nome to Egare,
 That berys the whyte chynne.

The kyng yn herte was full woo,
When he herd mynge tho

Of her that was his qwene;
And sayde, Sone, why sayst thou so?
Wherto umbraydest thou me of my wo?

That may never bene. 930

Nevertheles with hym he wente,
Ayeyn hem come the lady gent,
In the robe bryght and shene,
He toke her yn his armes two,
For joye they fowened both to,
Such love was hem bytwene.

A joyfull metyng was ther thore,
Of that lady goodly unther-gore,
Frely in armes to folde;
Lorde! gladde was fyr Kadore, 940
And other lordes that ther wore,
Semely to beholde.

Of the lady that was put yn the fee,
Thorow grace of god in trinite,

That was kevered of cares colde.
Leve we at the lady whyte as flour,
And speke we of her fadur the emperour,
That fyrste the tale of ytolde,

The emperour her fadyr then
Was woxen an olde man, 950
And thought on hys fynne;
Of hys thoughtyr Emare,
That was putte ynto the fee,
That was so bryght of skynne.
He thought that he wolde go,
For his penance to the pope tho,
And heven for to wyne;
Mesfengeres he sente forth sone,
And they come to the kowrt of Rome,
To take her lordes inne. 960

Emare prayde her lorde the kyng,
Syr, abyde that lordys komyng,
That ys so fayr and fre;
And, fwete fyr, yn all thyng,
Aqweynte you with that lordyng,
Hit ys worship to the.
The kyng of Galys seyde than,
So grete a lord ys ther nan
In all cryftyantè.
“ Now, fwete fyr, whatever betyde, 970
Ayayn that grete lord ye ryde,
And all thy knyghtys with the.”

Emare thawghte her fone yyng,
Ayeyn the emperour komynge,
How that he sholde done :

Swete fone, yn all thyng,
Be redy with my lord the kyng,
And be my fwete fone.

When the emperour kyfseth thy fadyr so fre,
Loke yyf he wyll kyffe the, 980

Above the to hym fone ;
And bydde hym come speke with Emare,
That was putte ynto the fee,
Hymself yaf the dome.

Now kometh the emperour of pryfe,
Ayeyn hym rode the kyng of Galys,
With full mykull pryde ;

The chyld was worthy unther-wede,
And fatte upon a nobyll ftede,
By his fadyr fyde : 990

And, when he mette the emperour,
He valed his hode with gret honour,

And kyfsed hym yn that tyde ;
And other lordys of gret valowre,
They also kessed Segramowre ;
In herte ys not to hyde.

The emperours herte anamerer gretlye
 Of the chylde that rode hym by,
 With fo lovely chere.

Segramowre he sayde his stede, 1000
 Hys owene fadyr toke good hede,
 And other lordys that ther were.
 The chylde spake to the emperour,
 And sayde, Lord, for thyn honour,
 My worde that thou wyll here;
 Ye shull come speke with Emare,
 That changede her name to Egare,
 That was thy thowghthur dere.

The emperour wax all pale,
 And sayde, Sone, why umbraydest me of bale, 1010
 And thou may fe no bote?
 “Syr, and ye wyll go with me,
 I shall the brynge with that lady fre,
 That ys lovesom on to loke.”
 Neverthelesse with hym he wente,
 Ayeyn hym come that lady gent,
 Walkynge on her fote;
 And the emperour alyghte tho,
 And toke her yn his armes two,
 And clypte and kyfised her fote. 1020

Ther was a joyfull metynge
Of the emperour and of the kynge,
And also of Emare ;
And so ther was of fyr Segramour,
That aftyr was emperour,
A full gode man was he.
A grette feste ther was holde,
Of erles and barones bolde,
As testymonyeth thys story.
Thys ys on of Brytayne layes, 1030
That was used by olde dayes,
Men callys playn the garye.
Jhesu, that fettes yn thy trone,
So graunte us with the to wone
In thy perpetuall glorye !

SIR ORPHEO,

W_E redyn ofte, and fynde ywryte,
 As clerkes don us to wyte,
 The layes that ben of harpyng
 Ben yfounde of frely thing;
 Sum ben of wele, and sum of wo,
 And sum of joy, and merthe also,
 Sum of bourdys, and sum of rybaudry,
 And sum ther ben of the feyrè;
 Sum of trechery, and sum of gyle,
 And sum of happes that fallen by while. 10
 Of alle thing that men may se
 Moost to lowe forsothe they be.
 In Brytayne this layes arne ywrytt,
 Furst yfounde, and forthe ygete,
 Of adventures that fillen by dayes,
 Wherof Brytons made her layes,

When they myght owher heryn
Of adventures that ther weryn,
They toke her harpys with game,
Maden layes, and yaf it name. 20

Of auntures that han befalle
Y can sum telle, but nought all.
Herken, lordyngys, that ben trewe,
And y wol you telle of fir Orphewe.

Orpheo was a ryche kyng,
And in his tyme a grete lordyng:
Ful fayr man, and large therto,
And hende, curteis, and hardy also.
His fadre was come of king Pluto,
And his modur cam of quene Juno, 30
That in tyme wer goddys holden,
For wordys that they dedyn and tolden.

Orpheo most of ony thing
Lovede the gle of harpyng;
Syker was every gode harpoure
Of hym to have moche honour.
Hymself loved for to harpe,
And layde thereon his wittes fcharpe;
He lerned so, ther non was
A better harper in no plas. 40

In the world was never man born,
That onus Orpheo fat biforn,
And he myght of his harpyng her,
He shulde thinke that he wer
In one of the joys of paradys,
Suche joy and melody in his harpyng is.
Orpheo fugerneth in Crasfens,
That is a cyté of noble defens,
He hath a quene ful feyre of pris,
That is clepyd dam Erodys, 50
The feyrest woman for the nonys
That myghth be made of fleffche and bonys,
All hur here, and hur gode nes,
Myghth no man discryve hur fayrenes.
Hit byfel in tyme of May,
That is mery and lykyng the fomeris day
Awey ben the wynteris schouris,
And every felde is ful of flouris,
Of blofmes spryngyng on the bowe,
Over all the londe is mery ynowe, 60
That ilke quene, dame Erodys,
Toke with hur two maydenes of pris,
And walked in the undertyde
To pley in hur orchard-fyde,

To se floures sprede and spryng,
And se and here the foulis syng.
They feten hem down all thre,
Fayr under an ympe-tre,
And wel fone the feyr quene
Felled a slepe upon the grene. 70
The maydenes durst hur not awake,
But byfyde hur mery they can hem make,
And lete hur slepe tyl after none,
That the undertyde was agone ;
And, al so fone as sche can wake,
Sche cryed, and lothly can hur make,
She froted hur hondys and hur fete,
And cracched hur tyl that sche can blede ;
Hur ryche clothis sche can ter,
And was wode out of hur wit ther. 80
The two maydenes that sat byfyde
Durst they non lengur abyde,
But went into the palys ryghth,
And tolde bothe squyer and knyghth,
That her quene away wolde go.
Knyghths out went, and ladyes also,
And damfellis fyfty and mony mo,
To fet her lady they thought to do.

Into the orchard they wer come,
And had hur up in armes ynome, 90
And brought hur in bed at the laft,
And helde hur in ryghth faft;
But ever fche cryed with grete mode,
And rent hurfelf as fche wer wode.
When the kyng herd this tydyng,
He was never fo wo for no thing.
The kyng com, with knyghthis kene,
Into the chamber to his quene,
And of hur had grete pytè:
Swete hert, he fayde, how may this be? 100
That ever yet haft ben fo ftylle,
And now criest fo loude and fchrylle;
Thy body, that was white biforn,
With thy nayles is al to-torn;
Alas! thy rode that was fo rede
Is as wan as ony lede.
Alfo thy fyngris finalle,
They ben al bloody and palle.
Alas! thy lovely yÿen two
Loken on me as man on fo. 110
Leve dam, y befeche the mercy,
Lete be al this ruful cry,

And tel me what thing and how
Yif ony thing may help the now.
The lady still es at the last,
And gan to wepe fwythe fast,
Tho fche feyde the kyng to,
Alas! my lord, fyr Orptheo,
Seth we togedur were
Never yit wroth we ner, 120
Ever yit thou haft loved me,
With alle myn hert so have y the;
And now we schul part atwo,
Do thy best, for y most go.
Alas! he feyde, forlorn y am,
Whidur wol thou go and to wham?
Wher thou comest thou schalt with me,
Whidur thou goft y wyl with thee.
Sir, fche feyde, it may not be this,
I schal you telle how it is: 130
As y lay this undertyde,
To slepe under the orchard-fyde,
Ther come to me two fair knyghtes,
Wele arayde at alle ryghthis,
And bade me come, without lettyng,
To speke with her lord the kyng;

And y answerde with wordis bolde
That y ne durst, ne y nolde :
Fast agayn they can dryve,
Then com her kyng al so blyve 140
With a thousand knytes and mo,
And with ladyes fyfty also,
And ryden al on snow-white stedys,
And also white was her wedys
Y fey never feth y was borne
So feyr knyghtes me byforne.
The kyng had a crowne on his hede,
It was no felver, ne gold rede,
All it was of precious stene,
As bryght as funne forsothe it schone. 150
Al so sone he to me cam,
Wold y, nold y, he me nam,
And made me with him ryde,
On a whyte palfrey by his fyde,
And brought me in to his palys,
Ryght wele ydight over al y wys.
He schewed me castels and touris,
Medewys, ryveres, feldys, and floures,
And his forestes everyche one ;
And feth he brought [me] ayen home, 160

Into our owne orcharde,
And sayde to me this afterwarde:
Loke to-morew that thou be
Here under this ympe-tre;
And yif thou makest ony lette,
Wherever thou be thou schalt be fet,
And to-tore thy lymes alle,
That no thing the help schalle,
And, thaugh thou be so to-tore,
Yit schalt thou away be bore. 170

When the kyng herde this case,
Out! he seyde, and alafe!
Me wer lever to lese my lyfe,
Than to lese the quene my wyfe!
He axed confel of many a man,
But non of hem help hym can.
On the morewe, when tyme came,
The kyng his armes forsoth he name,
And two hundred knyghtes with hym,
Wele yärmed stout and grym; 180
With the quene went he,
Into the orchard, under the tre,
Ther made they watche on every fyde,
And cast hem there for to byde,

And suffre deth everychon
Er fche fchulde from hem gon :
And there anon withouten lette
Among hem all fcho was yfet,
Awey with the fayré fche was ynome,
Wist non of hem wher fcho become. 190
Ther was ther wepyng and cryeng also,
The king to his chamber can go,
And fel adown on the ftone,
He made grete dele and meche mone ;
Wel nye he hed hymfelf yfchent,
He fygh ther was no amendement.
He fende after erle and baroun,
And other lordys of grete renoun ;
And, whan they togeder were,
Lordys, he feyde, that ben here, 200
Y ordeyne my fteward of myn halle
To kepe my londys overalle.
Now y have my quene forlore,
The beft lady that ever was bore ;
Y wol never efte woman fe,
In wyldernes now wol y be,
And wonne there in holtys hore
In wyldernes for evermore.

When ye wyte y am of the world went
Make ye all a parlement, 210
And do chese you a new kyng,
And do your best in al thing.
Ther was grete forewe in the halle,
Wepying and cryeng among hem alle ;
Ther ne myght olde ne yonge
For wepyng speke a worde with tonge.
They knelyd all adown in fer,
And befought hym, yif his wil wer,
That he ne wolde from hem go.
Do wey ! he feyde, y wil not so. 220
Alle his kyndam he forfoke,
And to him a fclaveyn anon he toke ;
He ne wolde have non hode,
Hose, ne scho, ne other gode ;
But his harpe he gan take,
And went barfot out at the gate :
Ther most no man with hym go,
Alas ! ther was wepyng and wo.
He that was kyng, and bar the crowne,
Went so porely out of towne, 230
Into wildernes he gethe,
Bothe throw wode and throw hethe.

Now he is naught at ese,
But now he is at male-ese;
Now in hard wode he lythe,
With erbis and gras he hym wrythe.
He that had grete plentè,
Mete, drynke, and grete dignytè,
Now he most bothe digge and wrote,
Er he have his fille of rote. 240

In fomer he lyveth by hawys,
That on hauthorne growth by schawys;
And in wynter by rote and rynde,
For other thing may he non fynde.
His body was away dryve,
With hayle and reyne al to-ryve,
No man coude telle of his fore
That he suffred ten yere and more
He that had castel and toure,
Forest, fryth, bothe felde and flour, 250
Now hath he nothing that him lyketh,
But wylde bestes that by hym ftryketh:
The here of his hede is blak and row,
Benethe his gurdel it ys ygrow.
He taketh his harpe, and maketh hym gle,
And lythe al nyght under a tre.

When the wedur is cler and bryght,
He taketh his harpe anone ryght,
Into the wode it ryngeth fchylle,
As he coude harpe at his wille. 260

The wilde bestes that ther bethe,
For joy about hym they gethe;
All the foulis that ther were,
They comyn aboute hym there,
To her harpyng that was fyne,
So mechel joy was therine.

When he the harpyng leve wolde,
Foule, ne best, abyde ther nolde,
But went hem albydene,
And lete hym alone ther bene. 270

Ofte he saw hym byfyde
In the hote fomer-tyde,
The kyng of Fayré, with his route,
Com to hunte all aboute,
With dunnyng and with blowyng,
And houndys gret cryeng;
But forsothe no best they nome,
Ne he ne wyft wher they becom;
And other while he myght yfè
A grete oft by him te, 280

Wel a two hundreth knyghtes,
Wele yärmed at all ryghtes.
Sum while he saw other thing,
Knyghtes and ladies com rydyng
In bryght atyre and disgyfid,
With esy pace and wele avysed,
Taberis and pypes yeden hem by
And alle maner of mynstrelsy;
And ladyes ther com rydyng,
Joly they wer in alle thing; 290
Jentle and jolef, forsothe, y wys,
No man among hem ther nys.
Every on an hauke on honde bere,
And went haukyng by the ryvere,
Of game they fonde grete haunt,
Fesaunt, heron, and cormerant.
The foules out of the rever flowe,
Every faukun his game flowe.
That saw kyng Orpheo, and lowe,
As he stode under a bowe: 300
Perfay, he sayde, ther is gode game,
Thider y wil in goddis name,
Such game he was wont to fe,
Up he ros, and thider cam he;

To his owne lady wel ny he come,
And hur wel ny had undernome;
He knew hur by the femelant, y wys,
His owe lady, dam Erodyffe:
But ther myght non with other speke,
They fche hym knewe, and he hur eke. 310
For mysfis that she on hym fye,
That sum tyme was bothe ryche and hie,
The teris ran doun by hur yghe,
So dede of hym when he hur fye.
They made hur away there ryde,
For ther myght fche no lenger abyde.
Alas! he sayde, that me is wo!
Why nyl deth myn hert flo?
Alas! wrecche that y ne myght
Dye anon after this fyght! 320
Alas! to long lasteth my lyfe,
That y ne may speke with my wyfe!
Ne fche with me a worde to speke!
Alas! why nyl myn hert breke!
Perfay, he sayde, [tide what bitide]
Y wil se whyder this ladies ride,
In that wey wyl y go
For of my lyf yeve y not a flo;

His sclaveyn dede he on his bak,
And toke his harpe ryght as he spak. 330
Fast after hem he can gone
Over stok, and over stone.
In then at the roche the ladies ryde,
He went sone after, he nolde not byde.
When he was into the roche ygo,
Wele thre myle, and fume dele mo,
He cam to a feyr contray,
Was as bryght as ony day;
Feyr palys, and alle grene,
Hille ne dale was nought fene. 340
Amyd the launde a castel he fye,
Noble and ryche, ryght wonder hie,
And al the overyst walle
Schene as doth the crystal;
Fayr tours ther wer aboute,
Gayly fet with perles stoute;
The utmest that stode on the dyche
Was of golde and fелver ryche;
The fronte that was amyd all
Was of dyvers metalle; 350
Within were wyde wonys,
Of golde, fелver, and precious stones,

Feyr pilers theron wer dyght
Of precious stones and safyres bryght.
Hit schone so fayr by nyght
That al the towne therof was lyght.
The ryche stones schone so cun,
Al so bryght as ony fun.
No man myght telle, ne thinke in thought,
The ryches that therin was wrought. 360
At the castel the ladies alyght,
Orpheo went after as fast as he myght.
Orpheo knocked at the gate,
The porter was redy therate,
And asked, What wilt thou so ?
“ Perfay, y am a mynstrallo,
To solas the with my gle,
The merier schalt thou be.”
He unded the gate anone,
And lete hym into the castel gone. 370
Orpheo loked about over all,
He sawe folk sit under the wall ;
Sum that wer thyder ybrought,
Al dede were they nought :
Amonge hem lay his owne wyfe,
That he loved as his lyfe ;

Sche lay under ane ympe-tre,
By her glowes he wyft it was fche.
He went forthe into the halle,
Therin was grete joye with alle. 380

The ryche kyng therin fette,
He fyl on knees, and hym grette.
By hym fete a quene bryght,
Unnethis he had of hur a fyght.

When he had yfene al thing,
He fel on knees byfore the kyng,
And befought hym yif his wil were
That he wolde of his mynstrelsy her.

Then fayde the kyng, What art thou,
That art hyder ycom nowe? 390

Myself, ne non that is within me,
Never fende after the.

Seth y this kyndam furst bygan
Fonde y non so hardy a man
That hider durst come ne wende,
But that y aftur hym fende.

Sir, he fayde, y trowe ful wele,
Y holde it soth, fir, every dele,
For sothe it is the maner of us
To come to every lordys hous, 400

And though we nought welcome be,
Yit we most profer our game or gle.
Byfore the kyng he fet hym downe,
And toke his harpe of mery fowne,
And, as he ful wel can,
Many mery notys he began.
The kyng behelde and sat ful styllle,
To here his harpyng he had gode will.
When he left of his harpeng,
To hym seyde that ryche kyng, 410
Mynstrel, me lyketh ryght wele thy gle,
What thing that thou aske of me
Largely y wol the pay,
Therfor, aske now and afay.
Lord, he sayde, y pray the,
Yif it your wyl be,
Yif me that lady bryght of ble
That lythe yonde under the ympe-tre.
Nay, he sayde, as it nought ner.
[A fori couple of you it were] 420
For thou art row and blake,
And fche is made withouten lak.
A foule couple it wer forthy
To lete hur com in thy company.

Lord, he feyde, ryche kyng,
Yit hit wer a fouler thing
To here a lesyng of thy mouthe,
To me as thou saydest nouth,
That y schulde have what y wolde?
A kyngis worde most nede be holde. 430
Thou sayst soth, sayde the kyng than,
Forsothe thou art a trewe man.
Y wol wel that it be so;
Take hur by the honde, and go;
Y wol that thou of hur be blythe:
And he hym thanked mony a fythe.
He toke hur by the honde anon
With ryght gode wille they can out gon.
Fast he went out of that stede,
Ryghth as he came out he yede. 440
So long they have undernome,
That to Crasens they were ycome,
That sum tyme was her owne cetè,
But no man wyft they weren he
With a begger of pore lyfe
He herbored hym and his wyfe;
He asked tydynges of the londe,
And who then had the kyndam in honde.

The por begger, in his cote,
Anon tolde hym every grote, 450
How the qwene was fet away
Of the londe, forsothe to fay,
And how the kyng aftur them yede,
No man wyft into what stede ;
And now the stewartde the kyndam doth holde ;
Mony tydynges he hym them tolde.
A morewe at the none-tyde
He made the quene there abyde,
He toke his harpe ryght anon,
Into the towne he can gon. 460
His owne steward he can mete
As he cam by the strete.
He fet hym doun on his kne,
And fayde, Lord, help for charytè !
Y am a por mynstrel of Hethenes,
Helpe me, lord, at this dystres !
The steward fayde, With me com home,
Of my gode thou schalt have somme ;
For my lordys love, fyr Orpheo,
Al mynstrellys ben welcom me to. 470
Anone they wente into the halle,
The steward and the lordys all ;

The steward wasched and wente to mete,
And all lordys weren yfete.
Ther was merthe in halle
When Orpheo sat within the wall.
When they weren all styлле,
He toke his harpe that was schille
And pleyde fast with the gle,
The stewarde loked, and can to se, 480
And knewe the harpe wel blyve :
Mynstrel, he sayde, as thou most thryve,
Wher had thou that harpe, and howe?
Tel me now, fyr, for thy prowē.
Lord, he feyde, in unkouthe londe;
By a forest y hit ther fonde;
Y fygh a man draw ful smale,
It lay by hym in a dale:
Now it is ten wynter agone.
Alas ! feyde the steward, and made grete mone, 490
Hit was my lord, fyr Orpheo,
Alas ! that ever he yede us fro,
The kyng behelde the steward than,
And wyft he was a trewe man;
To hym he feyde, without lefyng,
Syr, he feyde, y am Orpheo the kyng.

Here, at the townis ennde,
Y have brought my lady hende.
The lordys fterten up anon,
And maden hym to chamber gon, 500
With merthe, joy, and procesfioun,
They fet the quene into the towne :
Ther they lyved gode lyfe afterwarde,
And fythe was the kyng stewarde.
Thus cam they out of care :
God geve us grace wele to fare !
And all that have herde this talkyng
In heven blys be his wonyng !
Amen, amen, for charytè,
Lord us graunt that it so be! 510

CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND.

HERKNETH hideward, lordynges,

Ye that wolleth here of kynges :

Ant ye mowen heren anon

Hou Engelande furst bigon;

This filosofres us doth to-wyte,

Ase we findeth ywryte.

This lond wes cleped Albyon,

Er then Bruyt from Troye com,

A thousent ant tuo hondred yer

Erthen Marie Crist ber.

10

A muche mon com from Troye, y wis,

Wes icleped Bruyt Sylvius,

A muche mon com with him also,

Corineus yclepud wes tho.

In thilke time, in al this londe,

On aker-lond ther nes yfounde

Ne toun ne houfes never on
Erthen Bruyt from Troye com ;
Ah al wes wode ant wilderneffe,
Nes ther no tilthe, more ne leffe. 20
Geauntz her wonede fuythe ftronge,
That were bothe grete ant longe ;
Geomagog hatte here kyng,
Me nufte no wer ys evenyng ;
He wes of fuythe wonder ftreynthe,
Ant fourti fithe hade the leynthe
From the elbowe to the hond,
Ant tuenti on brede on him me fond.
In grete hulles hy woneden her,
Ant livede by herbes ant wilde duer, 30
Mylk ant water, hy dronke nout elles,
Afe the boc hyt faithe ant telles.
Schepe he heden ase hors gret,
That beren wolfe ase her of get,
Therof hy maden hem fclavyns,
Afe palmers that beth paynyns.
Tho Bruyt com this lond to wynne,
The geauntz that ther woneden ynne,
Tho hy herden of Brutes come,
Ham byradden alle ant fome 40

To yeven hem bataille anon,
Ant to flen hem everuchon.
The Troyens were fuythe kene,
Ant that wes ther wel afene,
The geauntz heo overcome,
Ant heore grete kyng he nome,
Geomagog that wes so strong,
Ant so wonderliche long.
Corineus the champioun,
That with Bruyt from Troye com, 50
Seh Geomagog so sturne,
Ant defirede fuithe yurne
To wraffle wyth that foule thing,
That wes the geaundene kyng,
Ant of Bruyt he bad the bone,
Ant he him grauntede fuithe fone.
Corineus anon forth fchet,
To the kyng that wes so gret,
Al day togedere hy wraffly conne,
Forto hem faylede light of sonne, 60
The kyng wes a teoned stronge
That Corineus afdod so longe,
Ant so harde he him tuafte,
That thre ribbes in him to-barfte.

Bruyt byhuelde Corineus,
 Ant to him he seide thus,
 Corineus, wet dest thou nouthe?
 Nes ner by northe, ne by fouth,
 Ne by water, ne by londe,
 Er then non thi piere yfonde; 70
 Ant yef the word of the spronge
 That eny mon the stode so longe,
 Geaunt, other champioun,
 Al thyn honour were leid adoun,
 Ant nomeliche to thy lemmon,
 That ys wyttore then the fom.
 Tho Corineus underyat
 That Bruyt of ys lemmon spac,
 Of Erneburh that maide hende,
 To Geomagog he con wende, 80
 Ant him putte with such streynthe,
 Thah he were more thon he of leinthe,
 That fourti fet, roumede and grete
 Into the see he made him lepe.
 Tho the geauntz were overcome,
 Ant Bruyt hade this londe ynome,
 Corineus lovede the more
 Al that contrey tharefore,

Ant clepede hit for that batayle
After Corineus Cornwayle. 90
Bruyt hade muche folk with him,
Bothe fremede and eke kun,
That were erthe-tilyes gode,
Hy faleweden erthe, and feolden wode,
Ant of this lond that wes so wylde
Hy bygonne tounes to bulde;
Londone he made furst with gome,
Ant yef hit his oune nome,
Newe Troye, for he com
Furst from Troye and hit bygon. 100
In his time, withoute les,
Elye the prophete ichose wes,
The children of Yrael bi dai and nith,
The laghe techen hem ariht,
The laghe he tahte hem ych wene,
On hem therafter hit wes fene.
Bruyt had thre sones,
That were fuythe feyre gomes.
That on wes hote Lokeryn,
He reignede after his fader fyn. 110
Cambroun hatte that other,
He wes the mydleste brother,

He was ybore in Deveneschire,
Of Wales he wes maked fire.
Albanactus the thridde iclepud wes,
Scotlond to ys part he ches,
Ant tharefore, ase ryth ys,
Al that Bretaygne iclepud ys.
He reignede her
Other half-hundred yer, 120
At Westmustre he was ded,
Ant yburied, for so he bed.
Tho anon, after hym,
Reygnede his sone Lokeryn;
Crafti mon for sothe he wes,
He wrohte her, withoute les,
Tuo merveilles grete, y wys,
Wrokynghole that on clepud ys
Sikerlich withoute gyle,
Bifide Glastringbury a myle; 130
A chapele that other ys,
That over the erthe hongeth thus,
From the erthe tuenti fet,
The leynthe for sothe last yet,
Of seint Sufanne, wythoute les,
The chapele ycleped wes.

He reignede her
 An hondred wynter and tuo yer.
 After hym reignede Eboras,
 That fuithe wis and crafti was; 140
 He wes Lokerynes fone,
 Everwyk wes his meste wone,
 Ant he Everwik made and met,
 More then Londone by fevé stret,
 Alklud and Maydenescastel bo,
 Ant Mound de le Rous he made also:
 Ant tho David and his teem
 Reigneden in Jerufaleem.
 After hym Lud-Hudybras,
 So Eboras fone ycleped was, 150
 Hade this lond everuch del,
 Ant hyt yemedede fuythe wel;
 He made Caunterbury anon,
 Ant other tounes moni on,
 Wynchestre and Schaftesburye,
 Ther spac an ern [a] prophecie,
 Thre dawes and thre nyht,
 The prophecie he tolde riht:
 Wet in Englund schulde byfalle,
 That ther weren hit herden alle. 160

Lud, that ichabbe of ytold,
 He wes kyng fuythe bold,
 To bulden he hevede gode wate,
 At Londone he made a yate,
 Ant clepede hit, after ys nome,
 Ludgate, al with gome.
 After thilke kyng Lud
 Reignede his fone Bladud ;
 He wes clerk of nigremancie,
 That ys an art of gret maiftrie ; 170
 He made the wonder, ful y wis
 That hote bathe ycleped ys.

Herkneth alle that beth hende,
 Ant y fchal telle, ord and ende,
 The rihte sothe, ful y wys,
 Hou hote bathe ymaked ys :
 Four tonnes ther beoth of bras,
 Al for sothe thus hit was,
 Feole thinges ther beth ynne,
 Craftilich ymad with gynne, 180
 Quic brimston and other alsuo,
 With wylde fur ymad therto,
 Salgemme and falpetre,
 Salarmoniac ther ys eke,

Salnitre that ys briht :
 Berneth bothe day and nyth.
 This ys in the tonnes ydon,
 Ant other thinges moni on :
 Berneth bothe nyht and day,
 Ah never quenchen hit ne may. 190

In four sprunges the tonnes liggeth,
 Afe this filosofres suggeth,
 The hete withynne, water withoute,
 Maketh hot al aboute.
 The tuo sprunges urneth yfere,
 Ah the other tuo beth more clere ;
 Therof ys maked, ful y wys,
 That kyngesbathe ycleped ys.

Thilke maister Bladud,
 That wes kyngesfone Lud, 200
 Tho he this ilke bathe made,
 Ant he eny defaute hade
 Of thinges that ther schulde to,
 Herkneþ hou he wolde do :
 From Bathe to Londone he wolde fleo,
 Ant thilke dai felf ayeyn teo,
 Ant vacche that therto byfel,
 He wes quic and fuithe snel.

Tho thes maister was ded,
 Anon he wende to the qued, 210
 For Crist nas nout yet ybore,
 Ne deth ne soffrede him nout fore.

After Bladud wes heir
 Ys oune sone, that hatte Leyr,
 He made Leircestre with gome,
 Ant yef hit ys oune nome.

After him reignede his sone bold,
 That wes icleped Denewold,
 He made Malmesbury,
 Lacok, and Tettesbury, 220

Ant Devises also,
 And other tounes fele mo.

Tueye sones he hade thenne,
 That on Belyns, that other Brenne,
 Hy weren men of chevalerie,
 Hy wonne Fraunce and Normaundie,
 Ant tha lond fuithe sone
 From Fraunce that come to Rome.

Thilke Belyns and Brenne
 Made four weyes thenne, 230
 Thourh the grace of godes sonde,
 Thourh-out all Engelande.

That on to thisse daye yet
 Ys ycleped Wateling-stret.
 That other ys icleped Fosse,
 Geth from Cornwaille into Scoffe,
 A launde in Scotlond of gret prys,
 In al that lond feiroke ther nys.
 Ykenild-stret ther beoth thre;
 Offedich the furthe wol be. 240
 After him com a mucche mon,
 Was ycleped Casfabalon,
 A wis kyn and a war.,
 He caste Julius Cesar,
 That was emperour of Rome,
 Out thisse londe fone,
 Ant tuye him overcom,
 Ant at the thridde time Cesar him nom,
 Ant tho Casfabalon was overcome,
 He yef gret truage to Rome, 250
 Thre hondred pound by yer,
 Er he moſte be quite and ſker;
 That were fixti yer by ſcore
 Er then Criſt were ybore.
 After him Uther-Pendragoun
 Hade his londe al and ſom,

He won to ys hond
Englond, Wales, and Scotlond;
He reignede thritti yer,
To Glastinbury me him ber. 260
After him his sone Arthur
Hevede this lond thourh and thourh;
He was the beste kyng at nede,
That ever mihte ride on stede.
Other wepne welde, other folk out-lede,
Of mon ne hede he never drede.
He ne com never in none londe,
That he ne hede the heire honde.
Ther nes never such king bifore,
Ne non ne byht ther nevermore. 270
Whyl kyng Arthur was alyve
In Bretaigne wes chyvalerie,
Ant the in Bretaigne were yfonde
This gret adventures, ichonderstonde,
That ye habbeth yherd her this
Ofte fithes, and soth hit ys.
Wyth kyng Arthur wes a knyht,
Wel ychot Eweyn he hyht,
Ther nes mon in al the londe
That durste in fith ayein him stonde. 280

This kyng Arthur, as ich er tolde,
He wes kyng fuithe bold,
He won Engeland fuithe fone,
Out of the truage of Rome,
Ant Lucus the emperour, fauntz fayle,
He overcom in bataille.
He get, thourh his chevalerie,
Fraunce that come to Lumbardie,
Ant Rome he wolde han ymone,
Ant tho the tidinge him wes icome, 290
That Moddred hys cofyn
Englond wolde bynymen him,
Ant hede yleye by the quene,
Genevre, that wes bryth and schene,
That wes kyng Arthures wyf,
That he lovede so ys lyf.
Ase fone ase Arthur the kyng
Hede herd this tiding,
To Engeland he turnde ayein,
Bothe with knyth and with fueyn, 300
Ant Engeland hath ynome, y wys,
Ant halt hit ase rith ys.
After thon he livede ten yer,
To Glastingbury me him ber;

God almihti, that best may,
Yeve him reste nyth and day!

Ther after tuo and twenti yer,
Efter that Marie Crist ber,
Eleutherie, the pope of Rome,
Stablede fuithe sone 310

Godes werkes wurthe,
Ant finge in holy chirche,
Gloria in exelsis deo,
Ant yef gret pardon therto.

After thon, ichonderstonde,
Lucius brohtt into Engelande
Cristendome, griht, and pees,
From the pope Eleutheries.

Thilke Lucius, thourh godes fonde,
Made thre archebischopes in is londe, 320
Ant twenty-fevyn he made also
Leod bischopes therto.

That was to-fore the come of feint Austin her
Four hondred and ahte and fourti yer.

Dioclicien thilke time
Dude cristendome much pine;
In thilke time feint Albon
For godes love tholede martirdom.

Kyng Fortiger, wyth schome and schonde,
Wes driven out of Engelande. 330

Thourh Hengistus, for sothe y wys,
That made the trefoun, for thus hit ys :

At Stonhenges, wite ou wel,
Ther he hit made everuch del,
For Merlyn hem faide biforeshond
He ne schulde ner dure en Englund.

Rowenne, that was so feir may,
Furst faide, by this day,
To kyng Fortiger, Wasfail ;
Ant that onfuere wes, Drinkhail. 340

Seththe anon, sone and fuithe,
Wes Engeland deled on fyve,
To vyf kynges treweliche
That were fuithe riche.
That on hade to his partie
That lond of Kent that is so druye,
Ant tueie bischopes in ys lond,
Wel hy were beyne yfond ;
The erchebisshop of Caunterbury,
Ant of Roucestre, that ys mury. 350

The kyng of Essex wes riche mon,
He hade to ys portion

Wylteschire, Barkschyre,
 Southfex, Southantefchyre,
 Sothereye, Somerfetefchyre,
 Derfettfchire and Devenefchire,
 Ant therto al Cornwayle ;
 Ant in is lond, fauntz fayle,
 He hade vyf bifchopes riche,
 Me nufte no wer here yliche, 360
 Of Salesbury wes that on,
 He wes a fuythe jolyf mon,
 At Schyrebourne wes tho the fe,
 Ant nou at Salesbury ys he.
 The bifchop of Welles also,
 That at Bathe wonede tho,
 The bifchop of Wynchestre,
 Ant the bifchop of Chychestre,
 Ant of Exetre also,
 Thilke was deled atuo, 370
 That on at Credynton, fauntz faile,
 That other at fein Germeyn in Cornwaile.
 The kyng of Merkyneriche,
 Nes ther non ys yliche,
 He hade Gloucestrefchire,
 Wyrcestrefchire, and Warewikeschire,

Staffordschire, and Schropfchire,
Al the march and Herefordschire,
Oxnefordschire, ant Bokynghame,
Hertfordschire, ant Hontindone, 380
Northamteschire, ant Leycestre,
Lyncolneschire, that ys betre,
Ant the schire of Notingham,
Rykemondefschire, nis nout to blam :
Ant in is lond that wes so muche
He hade foure bischopes riche ;
Of Lyncolne, ant of Chestre,
Of Hereford, ant of Wyrcestre.
The kyng that wes of Estengle fire
He hade Grauntebruggefchyre, 390
Norfolk ant Bedefordfchyre,
Loncastel, and Blakebourneschire ;
Ant yn ys lond bischopes thre,
Noble coynté large ant fre,
Of London, ant of Norwyk,
Ant the bischop of Ely ek.
The kyng of Northumberlonde
Hade al the lond, ichonderstonde,
Bituene a water that hatte Homber,
Ant Scotlond ther yt urneth under; 400

Ant in is lond bifchopes tuo,
 Grete lordinges were bo:
 The erchebifchop of Everwyk,
 Ant the bifchop of Durham eke:
 Thus wes Englund to-deled,
 Ant uch kyng from other dreued,
 So that ever the ftrengore
 Overcome the feblore,
 Ant ever the richore
 Overcom the porore. 410
 Tho com kyng Egbryth,
 Ant, wyth batayle ant fyht,
 Made al Englund yhol
 Falle to ys oune dol;
 Ant fethe he reignede her
 Ahte ant tuenti folle yer:
 At Wynchestre lyggeth ys bon,
 Buried in a marbel-fton.
 After him Ethelwolf ys fone
 Hade this lond al ant fome, 420
 He hade fones fyve
 Er he partede of thiffe live.
 The eldefte hatte Athelfton,
 He wes a fuithe jolyf mon.

That other hatte Eylbryth,
 He wes a staleworthe knyht.
 The thridde hatte Athelbaud,
 In werre he made moni faut.
 The furthe hatte Achelred.
 The fyhte hatte Alured. 430
 Ethelwolf in ys time fone
 Wende to the court of Rome;
 There he wonede with the pope,
 Ant dude ys lond lute note;
 For he arerede of ys lond her
 Thre hondred befauntz uche yer,
 That on he yef to arere the lyht
 Of feint Peter apostel bryht;
 Sethe he yef that other
 To feint Poul ys brother; 440
 The thridde he yef, fauntz fayle,
 To the felve apostoyle.
 Yet he dude more qued
 Ethelwolf or he were ded.
 In Englund he arerede a lok
 Of uche hous that come fmok,
 To Rome yef a peny, y wys,
 That Petres peny cleped ys.

Ethelwolf on that maner
 Wonede at Rome thre yer, 450
 Sethe he com hol ant found,
 Bi Fraunce toward Engeland,
 Ant weddede ther a fute thyng,
 Charles dohter the grete kyng,
 Dame Judyth wes hire nome;
 Muche he lovede gle ant gome,
 Tho he come to londe her,
 Ne lyvede he bote tuo yer:
 At the hyde of Wynchestre
 Were his bones don in cheste. 460
 After him reignede Achelred,
 In ys time, er he were ded,
 Com the kyng of Denemarche,
 With is host for ant stark,
 Engeland to bywynne,
 Ant fle that ther weren ynne,
 Ah Achelred ant Alured bo
 Connen her mete suo,
 That, in a lutel wyhte stounde,
 The Deneys hy fellen to grounde. 470
 After that bataille sevé yer
 Achelred wes kyng her;

At Wybourne mustre, y wys,
 Hys body yburied ys.
 After him regnede Alured,
 The wifeste kyng that ever et bred,
 He wes bothe war ant wys,
 Ant a mon of mucche pris ;
 He made, thourh godes sonde,
 The lawen en Engelsonde ; 480
 Ant fethe he regnede her
 Four ant tuenti folle yer ;
 At seint Poules liggeth is bon,
 Buried in a marbre ston.
 Thilke kyng Alured
 Slepte lutel in ys bed,
 Thenne he hade travail mucche,
 Ye mowe wel here wuche :
 The tuenti-four tiden ariht,
 That beothe in the day ant nyht : 490
 Thilke he delede on threo,
 Wel he bifette theo ;
 The aht he spende, ase mon mai rede,
 In beden, ant ys almesdede ;
 That other aht ys body to reste ;
 The thridde aht were the beste ;

Thilke he spende faunt dotaunce,
 Aboute thoht ant purveaunce,
 Hou he myhte him wise ant rede,
 Ant ys lond ariht lede. 500

He hevede a mon in hys chapele,
 That thus this tiden con dele;
 He made thre condlen by wyht,
 That schulde berne day ant nyht,
 When the on condle wes ydo,
 The aht tiden weren alsuo;
 The kyng he warnede by thon,
 Hys purpos ariht to don.

The rihtwise Alured kyng
 Yet he dude more thyng: 510

Al his ryghte purchas
 To povre abbeyes yef was;
 Hys rentes he delede atuo,
 Ne worthe never ys soule wo;
 The halvedel thenne athreo
 Wel he bifette theo;

That on partie he yef hem
 That in ys court serveden hym;
 That other he yef ythe stude,
 To thilke that his werkes dude; 520

The thridde part he yef thenne
 To uncothe povre menne ;
 Sethe he delede feire ant wel
 On foure that other halvedel ;
 That on partie he sende by fonde
 To thilke that were povre in londe ;
 That other to povre religious ;
 The thridde to povre cleregouns ;
 That other partie thenne yef he
 To poure chirgen byyende the fe : 530

Thus livede the gode Alured
 Ever forté he were ded.
 After the gode Alured kyng,
 Reignede Edward ys sone yyng,
 He was bothe war ant wys,
 In uch bataille he hade the prys.
 Tharefore tho folke of Denemarche,
 That beth bothe stor and starke,
 Of him were adred so fore,
 That in ys time never more 540
 Ne dorsten he comen in ys londe,
 Leste hem tidde fchome ant fchonde.
 Thilke Edward hade in is lyves
 Fourteen children by thre wyves,

Nine dehtren ant five fones,
 That were fuythe feyre gomes ;
 Of ys dehtren thre wymmen
 To religioun yolden hem.
 Alfled hatte that on levedy,
 He wes abbefse at Romeyfy. 550
 Ediht hatte that other may,
 He wes abbefse at Wiltoun abbai.
 The thridde hatte Aubourh,
 An holi wommon thourh ant thourh.
 Edward hede a foster fre,
 No feiroke levedy myhte be,
 Ne wiore of fele thyng,
 He huelp hire brother Edward kyng,
 With hire wyt and hire rede,
 His lond wel for to lede. 560
 Longe er the kyng were ded,
 He wes yeve to the erl Aylred,
 That wes a god holy mon,
 Ant on ys wif a child he won;
 The levedy pinede so fore,
 Er that child were ybore,
 That in hire pine he wes so wroht,
 That he fuor, ant made hire oht,

Bi the vertu of Marie fone,
 Nevermore he nolde come 570
 By hire lyne nyht ne day,
 In the bed ther hire lord lay.

Edward reignede her
 Vour ant tuenti yer;
 At Wynchestre liggeth ys bon,
 Buried in a marbre ston.

After him reigned Athelston,
 God knyht, ant hardi mon,
 Bothe by day, ant by nyht,
 Wel he hield his lond to ryht, 580

Gui of Warewyk livede tho,
 Ant gode knyhtes fele mo,
 Alle the theynes of Walschelonde
 He made bowe to ys honde,
 Ant leyde fuch truage on hem,
 Ant on heore Walsche men,

That thre hondred pond of sterlyng
 Heo yeven Athelston the kyng,
 Ant eke tuenti pound of golde
 Scotlond hym yeve fcholde, 590

Yet Wales yeld more hym
 Fif thousent fatte cun

To the kyng uche yer,
Er he moften be quite ant fker.
Thilke kyng Athelston
Heve a foster, so feir wommon
That in this world me nuste non
So feir levedy of fleyfch ant bon;
Hylde hatte that maide fre,
That hath so muche of beauté. 600
Hughe that kyng in Fraunce wes
This maide to quene ches,
For heo wes so feir ant hende,
After hire he con fende
The eorl Edulf of Boloyne,
The erles sone Baldwyn of Coloyne,
He wes the kynges mesfager
In his neodes fer ant ner.
Tho he was to londe ycome
He fond the kyng at Abyndonn, 610
Tho he the kyng ymette
Wel feire he hyne grette,
A noble present he him brohte,
Ant of ys fuster him byfohte
To ys lord fyr Hugh the kyng,
That wes in Fraunce wonyng;

Ant from him verreiment
 He brohte a riche present,
 That wes precioufe and deore,
 Wuch hit wes ye mowe here ; 620
 Thre hondred fteden mylk-whyte,
 In the world nys heore ylyche,
 The bridles were for the nones
 Bygo with precioufe ftones ;
 Yet he presentede him also
 Other thinges fele mo ;
 Themperoures fuerd Conftantin,
 The fcaubert wes gold pur ant fin,
 Therinne wes clofed a nail gret
 That ede thurh godes fet ; 630
 Ant he presentede him the fpere
 That Charlemayne wes wonet to bere
 To-fore the holy legioun,
 That is of gret remisfioun ;
 Ant o partie of the holy rode,
 That god fchedde on ys blode,
 Hit wes clofed feir ant wel
 In a criftal everuch del ;
 Ant thre of the thornes kene
 That were on godes hed fene ; 640

Ant one riche croune of golde,
No richore king were ne scholde,
Bifet withinne ant withoute
With precioufe ftones al aboute,
Richore croune nes never wroth
Sethe god made the world of noth.
Athelston of this fonde wes blythe,
Ant thonkede the king of Fraunce fuythe,
His fuster Hilde he him fende,
Mid gret honour with hire he wende. 650
Sevé yer kyng Athelston
Huelde this ilke kynedom,
Engelond that ys fo muri,
And deyede, ant lyth at Malmesbury.
After him his fone Edmond
Wes her kyng in Engelond,
Ah, ase seggeth somme other,
Edmond wes Athelstones brother.
Ah he ne reignede her
Bote unnethe fyx yer. 660
Sethe byfel at one feste,
At Canterbury, a cas unwreste:
Ase the kyng at mete feet,
He bihuelde, ant underyeet,

Of a thef that wes degifed
Among his knyhtes hende ant wyfe;
The king wes haftif ant starte up,
Ant hente the thef by the top,
Ant caste him down to the fton;
The thef braid out is knyf anon, 670
Ant to the heorte the kyng thruſte,
Er eni of ys knihtes wyfte;
The lordinges ſtarten up uchon,
And the thef ſlowen anon,
Ah rather he woundede moni on,
Thourh the fleifch to the bon:
To Glaſtingbury me ber the kyng,
Ant made ther ys buryyng.
After that Edmond wes ded,
Reygnede his ſone Achelred, 680
A war mon ant a wys,
Ant a knyht of mucche prys;
He reignede nyghe yer,
Ant wes yburied at Weſtmuſter.
Tho anon after hym
Reygnede ys ſone Edwyn;
He wes king of gret prys,
Ah of is bodi he wes unwys;

The furste dai that [he] croune nom
 He birafte a god mon 690
 Of ys wif for hire feirhede,
 Of god he hade lutel drede,
 Yet heo wes his cofine,
 The fore he servede more pyne.
 He reignede foure yer,
 To Wynchestre me him ber.
 After him reigned Edgar,
 A wys kyng ant a war,
 Bothe by day ant by nyth,
 Wel he hued ys lond to ryth. 700
 Thilke nyth that he was ybore
 Seint Dunstan wes glad therfore,
 For he herde the stevene
 Of the aungles of hevene,
 In heore song fegge by ryme,
 Yblefsed be that ilke time
 That Edgar ybore wes,
 For in ys time schal beo pees
 Ever in his kynedom,
 Whil he lyveth ant feint Dunstan; 710
 Ant so ther wes gret foisoun
 Of alle gode in ucha toun,

For rith wifore kyng then he was

Never yete ybore nas ;

For alle the whyle that lafte is lyf

Lovede he nouthur werre ne stryf,

Ne mon ther nas non fo heh

That mysdude, feore other neh,

In ys lond, day other nyht,

Ayeynes the laghe eni wyht,

720

That he schulde fonge mede

After the felve misdede :

Hou schulde he speren eni mon

Wen he of bestes wrache nom ?

At Londone he hield a parlement,

Ware-thurh Wales wes yschent,

For thider to him he made come

The theynes of Wales alle ant some,

Him trewe lord for to holde,

Ant to fueren him othes holde,

730

Ant bringen him truage ther

Thre houndred wolves uche yer,

Ant so hy dude treweliche

Thre yer plenerelyche,

The furthe ne mihten he finde none,

So clene he weren alle agone,

Ant tho the king hit hem foryef,
 Ne dude hem no more gref.
 Edgar wes an holy mon,
 That oure lord him cuthe con, 740
 Afterward, afe he wes wurthe,
 That he hade leyen in urthe,
 Sixti wynter under molde,
 An abbot him remue wolde;
 Aylwart hihte thilke abbot:
 Afe me wolde him nymen up,
 Ant leggen in a throh of fton,
 He founden him bothe fleys ant bon
 Al so hol, ant al so found,
 Afe he was leyd furst in ground; 750
 Hy nomen him up anon,
 Ant wolden him leggen in the fton
 That the abbot hevede ilet make
 For the nones to his fake;
 Ah so fchert he was ywroht,
 Iftraht ne myhte he ligge noht,
 Hys legges hy corven of anon,
 Faste by the kneo-bon,
 Ah hy hit ne dude for non harm,
 Ant the blode al so warm 760

Hem starte out opon,
 Afe hit were a quic mon;
 The abbot that ther bystod,
 Seh that miracle feir ant god,
 Ant lette him in a tounbe don,
 Bothe in fleys and in bon;
 Afe me him in tounbe dude,
 A wodmon botnede y the stude,
 Ant a blindmon hede fihte,
 Ant mighte feon fuithe bryhte; 770
 Ant a cripel eke anon
 Ther him strahte ant myhte gon.
 Edgar reignede her
 Evene fixtene yer.
 Tho he wes ded, afterward
 Reygnede hys sone Edward;
 Ah he ne reignede her
 Bote unnethe thre yer,
 That Estryld his stepmoder,
 Selde beth ther eny gode, 780
 Him apoisonede that he was ded,
 To maken hire sone Achelred
 Her king in Engelande,
 Ant so he wes with schome ant schonde,

For never pes in is time nas,
 Bote whil fein Dunstan alive was.
 The king hede a stiward,
 That was fel ant culvard,
 He was cleped Edrich,
 Nes no traitour his ylich, 790
 He was fuikel fals ant fel,
 Ant thah the king him luvede wel,
 Ant tolde him his confail,
 Ant the traitour uchadel
 Sende hit to Denemarke,
 By mesfagers stor ant starke.
 Haneloc com tho to this lond,
 With gret host ant eke strong,
 Ant sloh the kyng Achelred,
 At Westmustre he was ded : 800
 Ah he hevede reigned her
 Sevene ant tuenti fulle yer.
 Ant yet the Englishe ofte ilome
 Thourh bataile Deneis overcome,
 Ant crouneden at Northamptoun
 Edmound, Achelredes fone,
 For is prouesse ant his streynthe,
 He wes abrede ant o leinthe

Cleped yent this lond wide
Edmound Irnenefide. 810

Yet, in the fomer afterward,
Come the Deneise hideward,
Ant conne fihite with Edmound,
That was king in Engeland,
Ene heo him overcome,
Ant he hem eft-fone,
So that heo acordeden,
Ant this lond to-deleden
Riht evene atuo

Bituene the kynges tho, 820

Thourh confail of Edrich,
Nes never traitour him ylich.

Sethe deyede Edmound,

Thourh Edriches trefoun,

Ah he ne hevede yreined her

Nout bote tuo yer.

Tho hevede kyng Knout

Al this lond out and out ;

Tho come the traitours of this lond

That heden traifed Edmond, 830

Ant flawen him to dede,

Thourh Edriches rede,

Ant were jolif ant proud,
 Ant tolden hit to kyng Knout,
 For heore foule trefoun
 Hy wenden hadde warifoun;
 Ah Knout wes a god mon,
 Ant made hem telle here fuykedom
 Ant for that trefoun that hy dude
 Hy were to-drawen wythe stude; 840
 Ant so thourh god refoun
 He yeld hem heore trefoun.
 Sethe sone after thas
 Ther bifel a wonder cas,
 Ant a mucche feorlych,
 Bituene the kyng ant Edrich:
 At Londone in a soler,
 Anyht after foper,
 Bituene Edrich ant the kyng
 Aros a repreofing; 850
 Sire kyng, seide Edrich,
 Who wende that thou wer sich?
 Understondest the noht
 Hou dere ichabbe thi love aboth?
 Y lette bitraye thilke mon
 That mucche gode me dude on,

Al the mastrie of ys lond,
 Al wes in myn hond,
 Ant ich him lette fle with gyn,
 To make the kyng after hym, 860
 Ant thou serveest thus me
 To wrotherhele y lovede the.
 The kyng wes ful fore agromed,
 Ant of ys wordes fuithe aschomed.
 Sire Edrich, seide the kyng,
 Thou ne gabbest nothing,
 With gile ant wyth fuykedom,
 Thou lettest thi lord to dethe don,
 That the dude mucche honour,
 Ant thou were his traitour, 870
 Ant after trecherie ant gile
 Me schal yelde the thy whyle.
 The king him lette bynde
 His honden him byhynde,
 Ant his fet also
 Were bounde bo tuo,
 Ant at a windou casten out
 Right doun into Temese flod:
 So endede he his day,
 God ys foule jugge may! 380

King Knout in londe her
Reignede evene tuenti yer.

After thilke kyng Knout,
Reignede his sone Hardeknout;

He wes king Knoutes sone,

Ant a fuithe jolyf gome:

He reignede her

Evene ahte ant tuenti yer.

After reignede Edward,

Knoutes sone bastard,

890

He wes a god holy mon,

Ant lovede wel is cristendom.

He reignede her

Four an tuenti yer,

Ant fix moneth also;

At Westmunstre he deyede tho.

Sethe reignede a god gome,

Harald, Godwyne sone,

He wes cleped Harefot,

For he wes urnare god.

900

He ne reignede her

Bote nyghe moneth of a yer.

WILLAM BASTARD DE NORMAUNDIE.

Tho com with gret chevalerie
 Willam bastard of Normaundie,
 Ant Engeland al he won,
 Ant hued hit ase ys kynedom;
 King Harald he overcom,
 Ant lette him to dethe don.
 Kyng Harald, ful y wys,
 At Waltham yburied ys;
 Ant thenne Willam bastard
 Hued al this lond to hys part.
 Ant tho he made, fauntz fayle,
 The abbeye of the bataille.
 Willam bastard wes kyng her
 On ant tuenti fulle yer,
 Sethe he deyede at Ham,
 In Normandie, at Caham.
 After his endyng
 Reignede Willam the rede kyng;
 He wes luther ant unwrest,
 He made a newe forest,
 Fifti moder chirchen ant mo
 He lette falle, ant chapeles bo,

910

920

Ant clene casten adoun,
 And made wode ther wes toun;
 That dude his soule lute note,
 For sethe therinne he was yschote,
 With an arewe kene ant smert,
 That wes idrawe to an hert; 930
 Water Tyrel the arewe droh,
 Ant the king thermide he sloh.
 He reignede threttene yer,
 To Wynchestre me him ber.
 Sethe reignede an other,
 Henry ys oune brother,
 He reignede her
 Evene five ant thritti yer.
 Henry thilke kyng
 Lyth yburied at Redyng. 940
 Sethe wel evene
 Reignede kyng Stevene;
 He reignede her
 Evene tuenti yer;
 He wes a god holi man,
 Ant wes buried at Faversham.
 After him reignede Henry,
 God mon ant hardy,

310 CHRONICLE OF ENGLELAND.

The erles sone of Chaunpaigne,
 Ant a mon of mucche mayne; 950
 His moder, afe ye habbeth herd her this,
 Hyhte Mahaud the emperis.
 He reignede her
 Evene four ant thritti yer.
 Thilke Henry the kyng
 Dude a fuithe wonder thing;
 Tho he hevede reigned her
 Sixtene fulle yer
 He made take Henry ys sone,
 Ant croune him kyng at Londone, 960
 Ant tho in Englund kynges were
 Tuey Henryes that crounen bere,
 Ant whil the sone alive wes
 Bituene her wes lute pes;
 Ah the sone ycrouned her
 Livede threttene yer.
 After Henry the sones dethe,
 Henry the fader livede unneth,
 Vyf yer in Engeland,
 Ant hued this lond in ys hond; 970
 Ant thah the sone croune bere
 The fader hued is date here,

Ant al Engeland y hol,
 Al to is ounē dol.
 The erchebiſchop, ſeint Thomas,
 In heore time martired was.
 Tho deyede the fader Henry her,
 That reignede thritti-four yer.
 Tho anon afterward
 Reignede ys ſone Richard; 980
 Richard queor de lyoun,
 That was hisournoun;
 Ah he ne reignede her
 Bote unnethe ten yer.
 Sethe he was yſchote, alas!
 At Castel-Gailard ther he was;
 At Fount-Everard liggeth his bon.
 Sethe reignede kyng Jon,
 In is time al Engelande
 Wes entredited with wronge, 990
 Thourh an erchebiſchop,
 That wes wis mon ant nout ſot.
 He hihte Stevene of Longedon,
 The kyng him nolde underfon,
 He reigned ſeventene yer;
 To Wyrceſtre me him ber.

312 'CHRONICLE OF ENGLELAND.

After him reigned Henry,
 A god kyng ant holy ;
 In his time wes werre strong,
 Ant gret stryf in Engeland ; 1000
 Bituene the barouns ant the kyng,
 Wes gret stryvyng
 For the preveance of Oxneford,
 That sire Simound de Mountfort
 Meintenede: ant gode lawes
 Therfore he les his lyf-dawes.
 He reignede her
 Fifti-fix folle yer,
 Ant tuenti dawes therto ;
 At Westmustre he wes leid tho. 1010
 Sethe reignede a god gome,
 Edward his oun sone,
 He was icleped conquerour ;
 God yeve his soule muchel honour !
 In werre com he never, y wys
 That he ne had the meste prys :
 He reignede her
 Thritti-five fulle yer,
 Ahte moneth, ant dawes thre,
 In Engeland king wes he. 1020

Tho anon afterward
 Reignede hys sone Edward ; II.
 Thilke Edward, fauntz-fayle,
 Yef the erldome of Cornwayle
 To fire Pieres of Gavaston,
 That for envie wes ynome.
 The lordinges of Engelonde
 To him heveden gret onde,
 For he wes wel with the kyng,
 Heo heveden him in henyng,
 Ant feiden he wes traitour
 To the king ant to heore honour,
 Ant for he wes loverdfuyke,
 Heo ladden him to Warewyke,
 At Gaveresfich, ye mowe wyte,
 Ther his heved wes of fmyte.

1030

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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The anon afterward
 Reignede bys long Edward;
 Thilke Edward, thate-fylde,
 Yet the erldome of Cornwalle
 To the Pieris of Gwascon,
 That for envie was yrome.
 The lordinges of Englonde
 To him heveden gret oode,
 For he wes wel with the kyng.
 Heo heveden him in bodyng,
 And kiden he wes traitour.
 To the kyng and to here honour,
 And for he wes for-crydike.
 Heo kiden him to Wrenwyke,
 At Gaverstich, he mowe wite.
 Ther he heved wes of lorde.

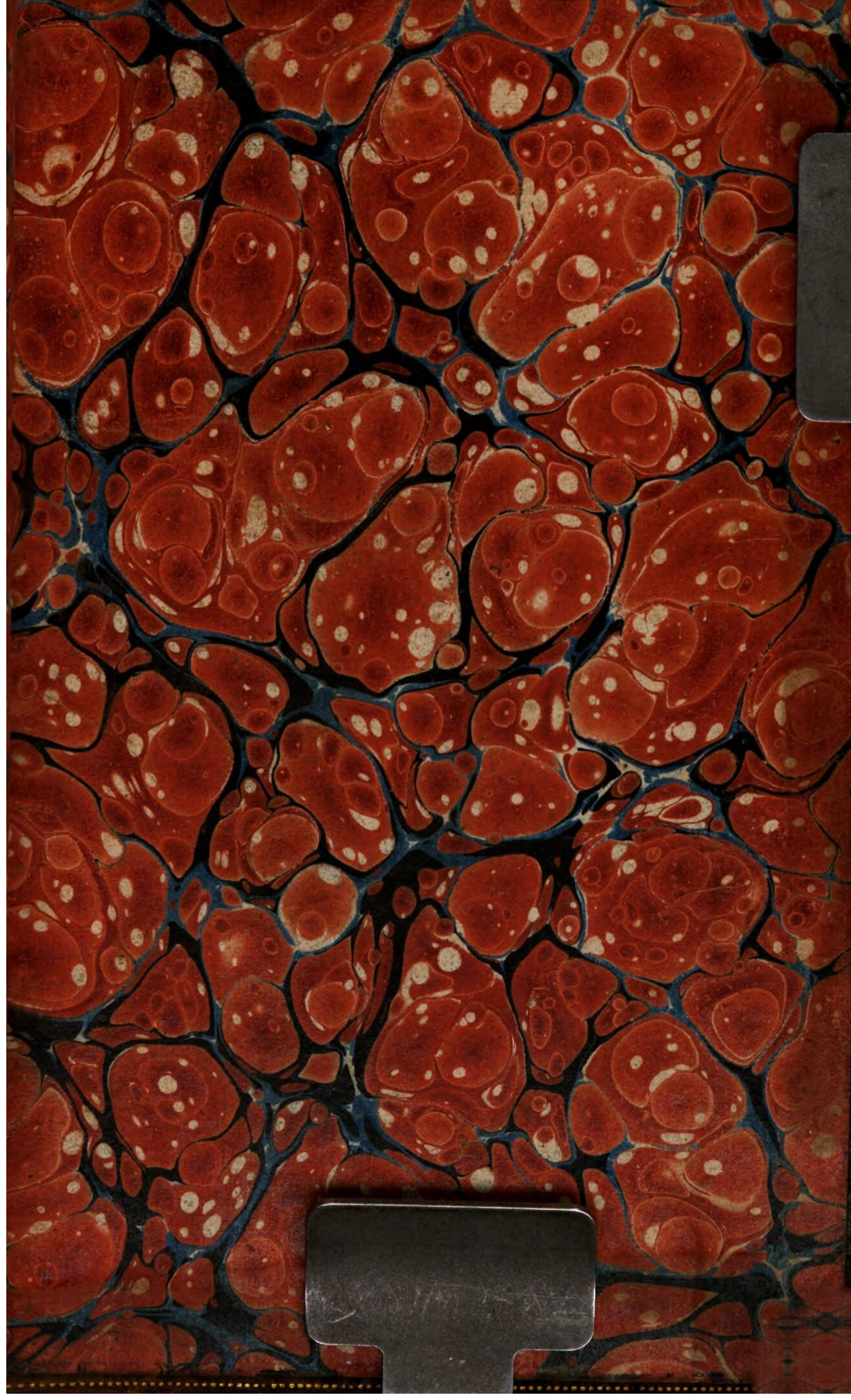
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